The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1661 NOV. 21, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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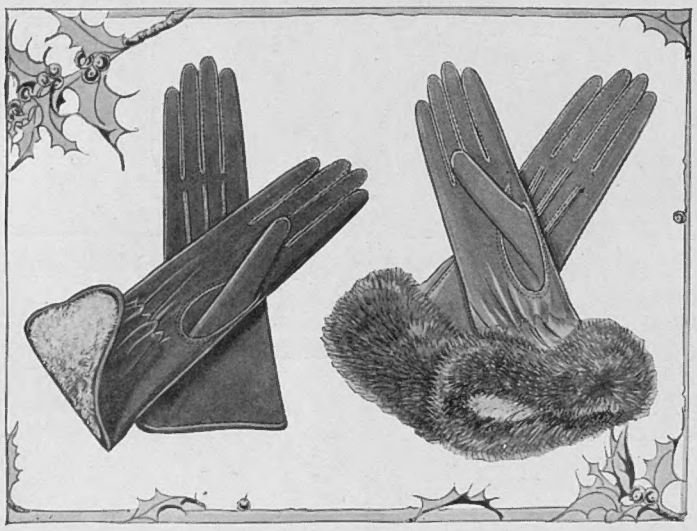
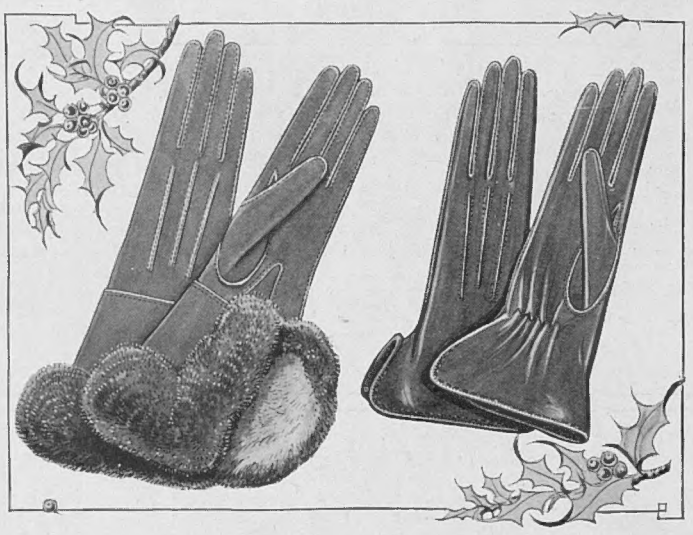


In Mocha Degrain

Mocha Degrain. Warm winter Gloves in English Mocha Degrain lined throughout with mottled fur. In nigger, beaver or slate - - - - **15/11**

English Capeskin

English Capeskin Gloves lined with wool. Trimmed white fur wrist and wide cuffs of nutria coney. In beaver, nigger or grey - - - **14/11**

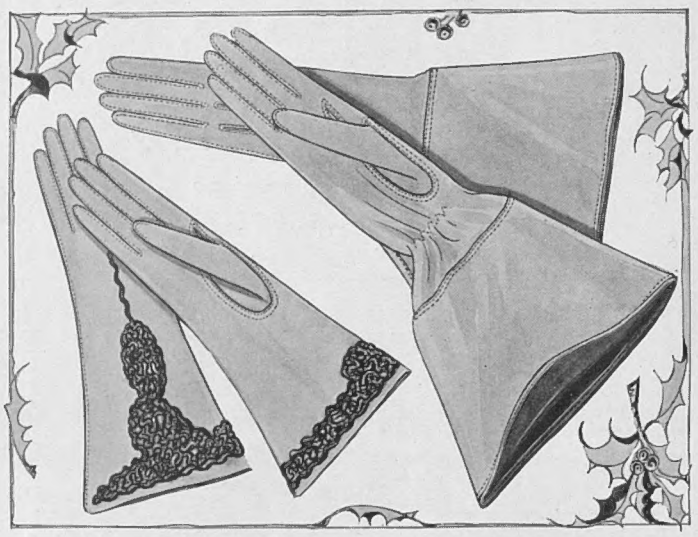


Arabian Degrain

Arabian Degrain. English made Gloves lined with seamless wool. The 4 in. cuff is lined with beige fur and trimmed with beaver coney. In brown or grey. **18/11**

Cape Gloves

An ideal gift. English Cape Gloves lined with silk. In nigger, dark koko, willow, grey or beige grey - - - **12/11**



Ziska Gloves

"Ziska" Washable Piqué Suède Gloves, with 4-in. wrist trimmed contrasting silk braid. In pastel, bois rose or light mushroom - - - - **10/11**

Cavalier Gloves

The Cavalier Gauntlet Glove in piqué suède. Cuff lined with contrasting shade. In bois rose, pastel, black, white or dark beaver - - - **21/-**

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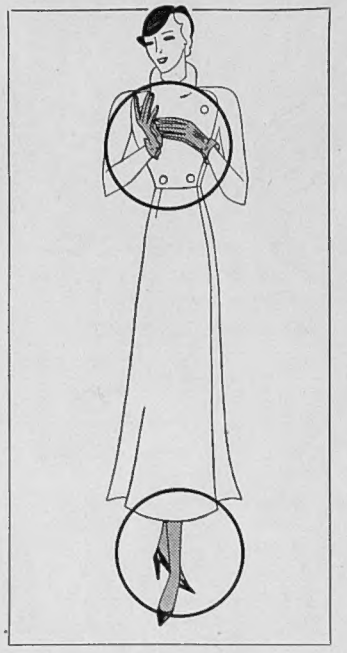

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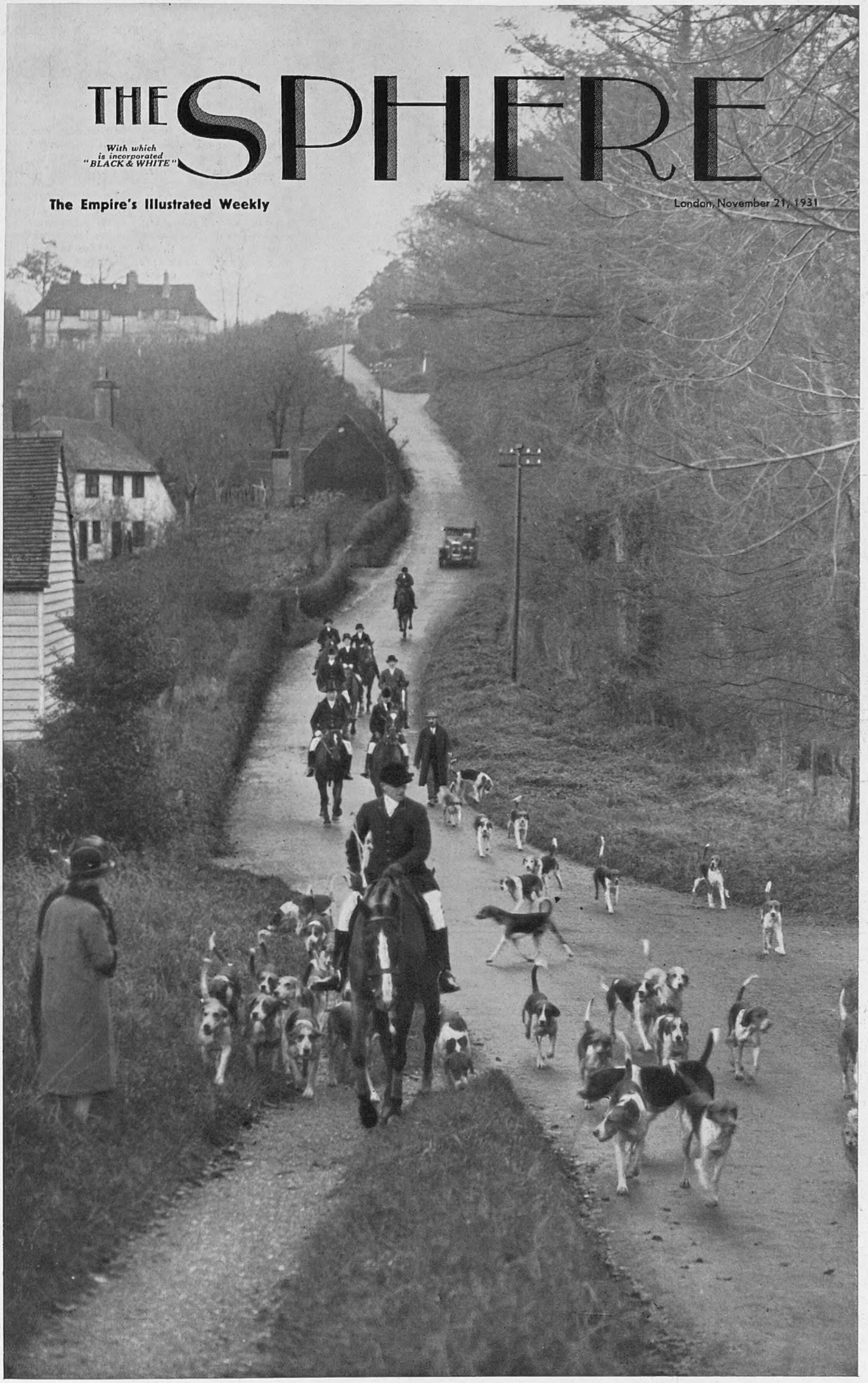
No. 1661

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 21, 1931



NOVEMBER MORNING IN ENGLAND

A Scene with the West Kent after the Meet at Stansted

The hunting season is now in full cry all over the kingdom. The crisp autumn mornings, the tracery of the bare branches against the blue or leaden sky, the baying of the hounds, and the thud of hooves combine to make the perfect English *ensemble*, imitated in vain in other lands. Though with the high cost of living and the general depression fewer and fewer pink coats and more and more figures in ratcatcher may be seen the keenness and the sportsmanship are in no whit diminished as compared to bygone years

A London Ne

DUMPING WHILE YET THEY MAY: Foreign goods have been flooding into Britain ever since the National Government was returned to office with a mandate implying and foreshadowing certain elements of a protective tariff. The lot of the alien dumper bids fair to be a hard one in the immediate future, for anti-dumping legislation passed not by the cumbersome machinery of Parliament but by the emergency means of Orders in Council have been promised. Realizing that this was likely to happen, every foreign trader has made superhuman efforts to introduce his goods into the United Kingdom before the duty should be imposed, with the result that our adverse trade balance has been rendered in the past few weeks even more adverse than hitherto. Already the Thames-side wharves are choked almost to capacity. This picture shows a Dutch ship unloading cardboard into barges off London Bridge. A Russian ship is seen in the background

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, November 18, 1931.

THE YOUNGER FRY.—The National Ministry, apart from Whips and Household, numbers fifty odd. It is large enough. The new appointments contain no surprises. Mr. Baldwin's *fidus Achates*, Mr. Davidson, who came in for much criticism when in charge of the Central Office, is rewarded with the Duchy of Lancaster. Almost all the appointees have had some experience of office—the exceptions are Messrs. Hudson, Ramsbotham, Hore-Belisha, Brown, and Colville. Pensioners will find a good friend in Colonel Headlam, whose former post at the Admiralty has gone to Lord Stanley. Mr. Oliver Stanley goes to the Home Office, and Sir P. Sassoon is back at the Air Ministry, where his chair never grows cold. Major Elliot has the junior plum. The Attorney-General lacks a seat and must choose his next venture more carefully. There are no women in the Government, despite the wisdom revealed by the flapper voters. I regret the Duchess of Atholl, whose industry and knowledge in matters of education make the mere male tremble. The party proportions are 30, 12, and 8, under broad divisions of Conservative, Liberal, and Labour. But Labour holds some important posts and makes up by quality what it lacks in quantity. On the whole this invidious and hateful task has been shrewdly executed. For myself I take violent exception to one appointment only. The old political Adam never dies and nothing can kill it.

The letter "g" is the god-sent combination which turns a Lloyd into a political force. We have George Lloyd and—his converse, the father of the House of Commons, who are both, in their violently opposing characters, leading actors on the stage of politics, and the new Parliament has now revealed us a third Lloyd (G), Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, who certainly, as proposer in the Debate on the Address, added a rival to F. E.'s "washpot" maiden speech. The Lloyds, it seems, are born actors; the voice, the gesture, the manner are inherent in them, and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd made a genuine and rare appeal on an occasion when the generosity of the House stands at a premium. He pleased Mr. Speaker, for he was terse. He pleased the lawyers, for he spoke to his brief and yet covered the ground. He pleased the House, for he was witty, modest, and tactful. And he pleased the Reporters' Gallery, because he has studied elocution. A Lloyd on the political stage adds stimulus to a flagging drama, and the new recruit will vitalize the run of the show at the Westminster Hall of Varieties. Mr. Baldwin looks after his particular young men. And, apropos, how many of the "elder statesmen" (to use a phrase which belongs to a happier day for public men) have vanished with Lords Reading and Crewe and Sir Austen from the scene, Lord Peel and Sir A. Steel-Maitland and Sir Mitchell Thomson. Not a doubt, they will be missed by their admirers.

NOT OVERPAID.—No critic of Governments could justly deny that the new Cabinet was earning its cut salaries when the new week began. Mr. MacDonald, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, and Mr. Thomas were all trying to write or rescue a page of history on Monday. The Premier harangued the Federal Structure Committee, urging them to meet once more to review reserved questions and to save the Conference from the fate of *R 100*. The Foreign Secretary was closeted with M. Briand and General Dawes in Paris, assiduously "exploring avenues" to save the League from a similar fate, while shells burst merrily over Anganchi. Mr. Runciman was mugging up (and later made public) the details of his anti-dumping Bill which is to save our industry from a similar fate. And Mr. Thomas, following the Prince's lead, was the voice that breathed o'er ether the slogan "Buy British." It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of all these efforts to save such tremendous trifles as these now slipping from our fingers. If the Conference utterly fails, all's to do again in India. If the League fails in its first supreme test, war and armaments are as inevitable as ever. As for British trade, unless here and now we can wipe out the deficit of exports against imports, no economy and no statesmanship can save us. We often hear talk in the City of "10,000 a year men." We are led to believe that if the right man presents himself, such a salary is waiting for him on every bush. Surely then these four ministers, having regard to the importance of their tasks, are not overpaid at £2,400 net. Indeed, Lord Snowden in front line reserve is not overpaid at £1,200 net.

THE DOG FIGHT.—Last week I heard a private debate on a subject of burning interest—the question of the relation of politics to industry. Some good points were made on either side, by those who loathe Government interference with private industrial endeavour and those who accept it as inevitable. The anti-interference group asserted that Government to-day should be a policeman and nothing more. If you could have an ideal Government, it might be otherwise. But always you find in Parliament a perceptible percentage of M.P.s who are first of all political intriguers for their own commercial aims. Therefore Government must not interfere in industry nor destroy individual initiative by State-aided or controlled monopolies and amalgamations. In every sphere of nature, from the lowest to the top, life is a dog fight, the weakest must go to the wall; and if you seek to alter this hard rule, chaos follows. The other side ridicules the idea that to-day you can leave the "one-man" textile business or the owner of a single coal mine to cope in his own way with international competition in our staple industries. They ask how it can be possible even now to rule out as a political force (to be reckoned with by Governments) a body like the T.U.C., which grew to its present stature largely through the encouragement of liberal-minded politicians. They claim that, facing facts, there is no alternative for Government but to continue to interfere in the dog fight of industry.

THE ACID TEST.—The Manchurian crisis, as I see it, has three main aspects affecting other nations besides the combatants. There is the League aspect, the Soviet aspect, and the industrial aspect. On M. Briand's success or failure it is reasonable to base the chances of the Disarmament Conference in 1932. If the very precise and legally subscribed sanctions of the League are treated by Japan—one of the chief signatories—as so much waste paper, it will be impossible to offer in 1932 the "services of the League" as a substitute for the arbitrament of arms. The answer will be: The League as a final arbiter of international disputes records 100 per cent. of failures.

Soviet Russia hovers on the edge of the battlefield where Russo-Chinese interests keep her agents perpetually busy. Bankrupt and, it is believed, seething with discontent, the growing pains of a new Russia, she may well see in war a temporary relief. For immediate cash resources are not necessary for slipping into a war.

And here England becomes vitally interested. Japan is not only an old ally of ours, but a once valuable market. The sanctions of the League include a rigid economic boycott of a member nation adjudged the aggressor, and the transgressor of the League's Covenants. Japan's warm friends in this country deplore the unstatesmanlike handling of the good points in her case and clearly see this sad dilemma. If the League should implement the boycott sanction against Japan, our trade with Japan goes. If it fails to do so, though finding Japan the aggressor, bang goes our valuable trade with China. All civilized nations are in this first great test of the League at one in their desire for a peaceful settlement and a League triumph. For on that depends the best hope of industrial revival and domestic retrenchment in Europe and America.

THE COMING BOOM?—Mr. Angas's latest publication, *The Coming Boom in Securities*, caught my eye on the book-table of my club. Such a title is irresistible to me, as a holder of such "widows' and orphans' certainties" as Borax preferred, Dunlop ordinary, B.A. Pacific pref., Argentine Great Western pref., and certain junior stocks of trustee home rails. Yes, when I bought these things at unbelievable prices, they were indeed "almost gilt-edged." It wasn't so very long ago either. It was at the time when rubber (3d. a lb. now) stood somewhere between 10s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Is Mr. Angas, so sound a prophet of the last rise in gold shares and the great and long slump in rubber, to be right again? I see just one gleam of hope for him. A Stock Exchange boom never has, and never will, accurately reflect the state of trade. When I was easily persuaded to buy Dunlop 6s. 8d. shares at 34s., there was (I now realize) literally no justification for that 500 per cent. premium light-heartedly placed on the shares. The ordinary shares of a trading concern are and must always be a gamble—how is it conceivable that so short a time ago broker and investor could have so madly conspired together to boost the value of such shares to fantastic heights? We bought industrial common shares at prices to yield us 3 per cent. on an investment risk which, paying 10 per cent., should properly stand still at par—and we cheerfully bought them for capital appreciation. I take Dunlops as one instance out of scores, gladly, because it is so excellently managed a concern.

What would the average investor decide to-day if his broker promised him that this day month his Dunlop £1 ordinary would stand at 34s., his Vickers ordinary at 12s., his Borax preferred at £3? He would verify by reference that he bought these respectively at 34s. 4d., 14s. 7½d., and 85s.. and he would

wsletter

thankfully and firmly give an order to sell the lot this day month, cheerfully cut so much milder a loss than he expected, and invest the proceeds in a mortgage on real estate in a business quarter of some city. But what if he waited to decide until the shares had actually risen to those moderate heights? Ah! there is Mr. Angas' sheet anchor. If the investor waits while day by day his shares rise his spirits will keep pace with the advance in prices, and what to-day he deems an unattainable heaven to-morrow he will spurn as a paltry stepping-stone to fortune. That is the psychology of booms on 'change. They are but conspiracies of madness.

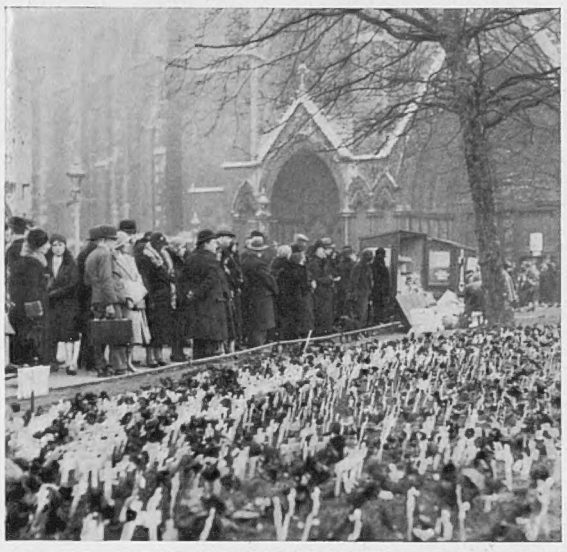
There are a few bright spots in the dark cloud-blanket of taxation. It gives me real satisfaction to realize that certain private and public authorities have taken the hint sent out from Downing Street and done their best to ease the strain. I have not always seen eye to eye with my local R.D.C. I have loathed its vulgar determination to turn our lanes into suburban streets and speed tracks. But I feel kindlier towards it with a rate claim paper before me showing a rate reduction of 30 per cent.—a pleasant gift of £20 a year or so. And my heart warms also to the committee of my club which has decided to reduce my annual subscription by 15 per cent. or more. It is altogether pleasant to feel once more that someone in authority sympathizes with our difficulties in a practical way.

SCEPTRE AND CROWN.—A few days ago I saw ex-King Alfonso at the Alhambra (the Leicester Square Alhambra) with a party. It was distressing to see that all the animation and cheerfulness which characterized him on all his visits to England had gone. In cheerful and inspiring company he was grave and apathetic and, as he stood strictly to attention while company and audience sang "God Save the King," it was impossible not to feel with him the sense of contrast. The fall is so sudden. The change from an ancient throne and glorious tradition to a nameless, aimless existence in banishment came like a bolt, for all that the ancient regime expected a revolution, and one in bloodier form. And now the Cortes has decided to condemn him to life-long imprisonment or banishment, whichever he prefers. He is guilty, it appears, of *lèse majesté* (against his sovereign people), and he is condemned to lose his throne, his country, his titles and honours, his real and personal property. He is no longer a king, the sovereign of the Golden Fleece, the owner of palaces, lands, pictures, and fabulously valuable art treasures. He is Alfonso of Bourbon, a poor Spanish gentleman in exile, with a war medal or two and some foreign decorations on his evening black coat of ceremony. How little these minor pinpricks can hurt him now! King-craft is his *métier*. In that he has no rival, but unfortunately it is an archaic form of king-craft in which he specialized. He is a brave man, a fine fellow as men judge of a man, and England in the main sympathizes deeply with him and understood and liked him. His fall was inevitable, however, so badly advised, so tradition-bound, as he was.

OLD PENSIONS.—I put down Mr. Briant's *Charles II*—which is indeed a monument of patience and hard work and brevity achieved by that most difficult art of rejection and selection called pruning—and idly took up the daily paper. My eye lit on a little hidden paragraph headed "Charles II pensions." Two hundred and seventy years ago or so Charles granted the brothers Penderell (of Boscobel) pensions in perpetuity for their care of him after Worcester Battle. Parts of those pensions are still annually remitted: viz. £14 6s. 6d. to Mr. R. Walsh of Australia, and £80 to Mr. Irving Pendrell of New York. The latter recently inherited the right from his father, a laundryman. I like to think of that starcher of democratic shirt fronts secretly drawing a pension from the King of England for services rendered in an English shire. I am myself always seeking confirmation that our more picturesque chapters of history are not a pleasant fiction. Here is confirmation of the Boscobel "legend" from Australia and America. The history books and the old banqueting hall in Whitehall are not enough to persuade us of the existence of that incredible royal township of Whitehall which vanished in a night. We need the evidence of a living New York laundryman.

THE OLD STAGER.

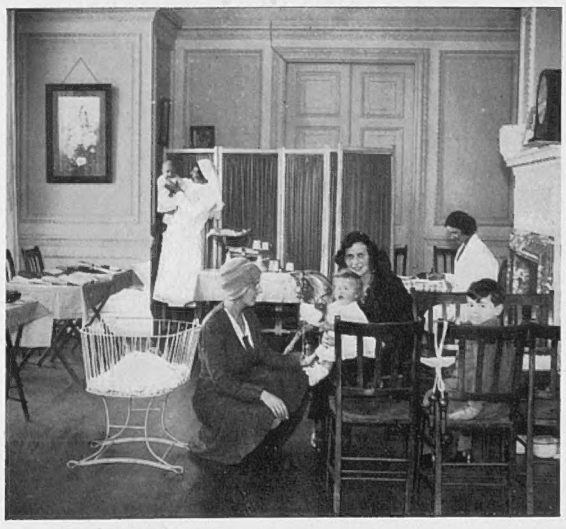
THE OLD CROCKS' RACE: Nearly sixty "vintage" motor cars, with a minimum age of twenty-five, were dug out for the annual London to Brighton race last week. Some of them ran with their original parts and one was dug out of a back yard. An ancient Wolseley and a 1901 Sunbeam are seen above crossing Westminster Bridge. The Wolseley achieved the distance in 7¼ hours and was driven by Mrs. Shuttleworth and Miss Halsey. Although they finished fifteen minutes after the scheduled time, an award was made to them. This car was bought for 15s., and the brakes caught fire going down a hill; it had to be pushed uphill, and on the level it behaved badly. Sir Malcolm Campbell drove a 1903 Rolls; a 1903 car still capable of 60 m.p.h. won the race. The Rolls completed the course of 53 miles in 2 hr. 20 min.



POPPIES BLOOM IN WESTMINSTER: A picturesque feature of the post-Armistice celebrations in London consists in the "poppy-bed" on the lawns of Westminster Abbey, composed of crosses decorated with poppies erected in memory of some lost soldier by his mourners. The lawn is floodlit for a few nights, and then the memorials are cleared away

HIGH LIFE IN HOLBORN: Demolition work has now been started on the great building of the Prudential Assurance Co. in Holborn. The high tower, which has become a feature of London life, is to be knocked down, and an extensive scheme of enlargement and rebuilding to be inaugurated. Workmen are here seen hacking away on the railed roof above the pre-Great Fire relic of Staple Inn

THE PECKHAM REBELLION: Despite reported settlement between the unemployed householders of the Hill Street district of Peckham and the London County Council which owns the buildings, the residents are still resisting demands for rates. They are led in this course by Mr. John Beckett, the ex-Socialist Member of Parliament. Picketing is in progress and the roof-tops are manned. The pickets claim that they can produce a force of 10,000 men if required to resist eviction. Many residents have been sent to prison. The claim of the revolutionaries is that rates at £2 7s. 6d. a quarter are too high for IIs. to 16s. a week rents. Secret signs and ever-changing passwords are the order of the day in Peckham—but Communist aid has been forcibly refused. The leader is seen on the left and a squad of defenders on the right



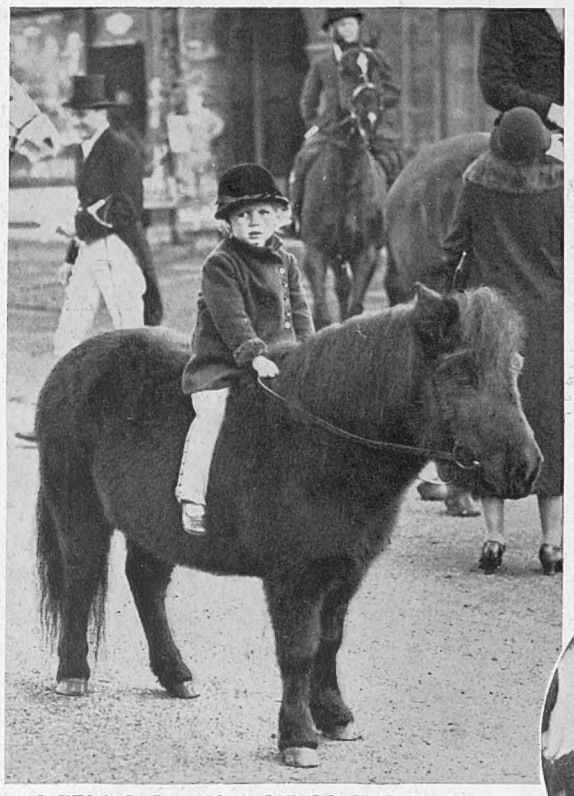
THE HYDE PARK BABIES' CLUB: Young mothers of society are so heavily engaged in their various activities that a group of children have formed a club of their own at Lancaster Gate. The very youngest set meets here daily to be weighed, petted, sun-bathed, and generally admired! A large roof area with a superb view over the Park serves admirably as a playground—when the sun shines. A scene in one of the club nurseries appears on the left; on the right is a group on the roof-garden

THE JOYS of the CHASE

Facets of Life in the Hunting Field

CANINE EAGERNESS: A few of the 35 couple of hounds scrambling from their van on arrival for the meet of the York and Ainsty Hunt at North Howden Station. Modern transport has done much to facilitate the holding of meets not in the immediate vicinity of the kennels

SAVING HIS LEGS: A mount is to-day not hacked slowly to the meet, but frequently travels in a loose-box hitched trailer-wise on to a car—a benefit alike to horse and rider. This actual incident was recorded when the Cheshire met at Church Minshull



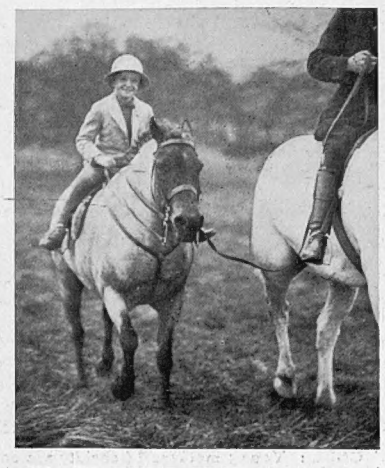
A LITTLE LADY ON A LITTLE HORSE: Little Miss Pamela Stock, who is only just three years old, seen on her Shetland pony. The picture was taken when the Grafton met at Brackley market-place. The youth of some enthusiasts takes one's breath away!

READY FOR EMERGENCIES: The terrier-man is quite prepared to circumvent any attempt on the part of the fox to seek the protection of an earth—a picture taken when the Duke of Rutland's hounds (the Belvoir) met at Cranwell Aerodrome

HUNTING IN IRELAND: Lord Altamont, the heir of the Marquess of Sligo, and Captain Daly at the meet at Adare Manor, the seat of Lord Dunraven, of the Co. Limerick Hunt. These two gentlemen last year were Joint Masters of the Galway "Blazers"

YOUNGEST OF ALL: Little Miss Camela Beresford Webb, aged two, was the youngest follower when the Old Surrey and Burstow met at Godstone Green

THE YOUTHFUL LEADER: Miss June Scott held the premier position when the West Kent met at Penshurst. The characteristic collar of the hunt—black velvet with white piping—is seen worn by Miss Scott's neighbour. Such tiny followers do not keep up for long



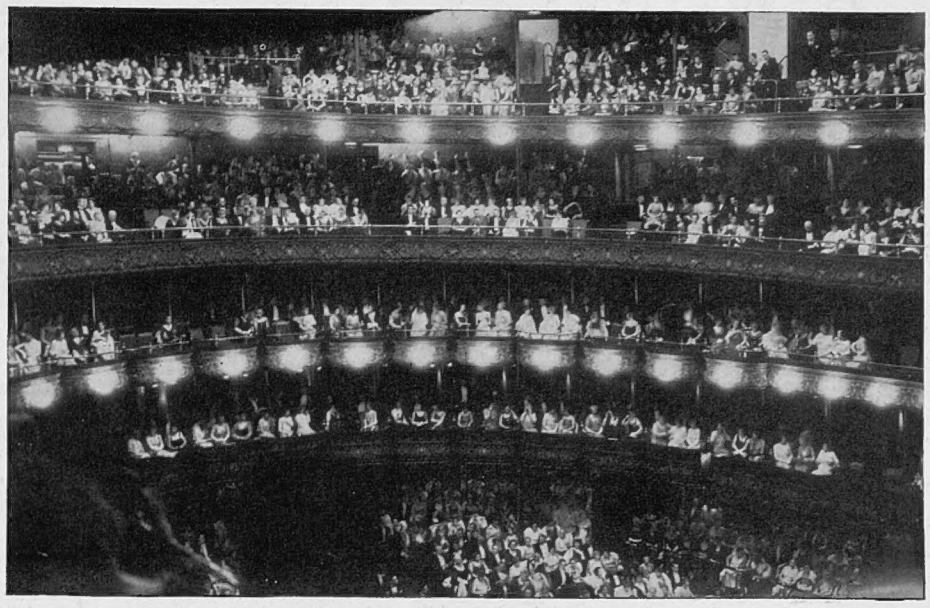
OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER: Master Pat Filmer-Sankey, the son of Mr. W. and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and grandson of the Duke of Westminster, with the South Notts.

A MASTER IN THE MAKING: Master Johnnie Ricks, a well-known competitor in children's horse shows, tries his hand at handling hounds in the intervals of jumping exercise. It is more and more certain that the best results are obtained only when an exceptionally early start in any sport is made

"THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE"

What the Courts are to London the Opening of the Opera Season is to New York—An Animated "Who's Who" of the Best Society

FUR OVER SATIN characterized the *toilette* of Mrs. W. B. Harding



OPENING: A view of the audience at the first night of the opera season when Rosa Ponselle sang in *La Traviata*. The lowest circle is known as the "Diamond Horseshoe"

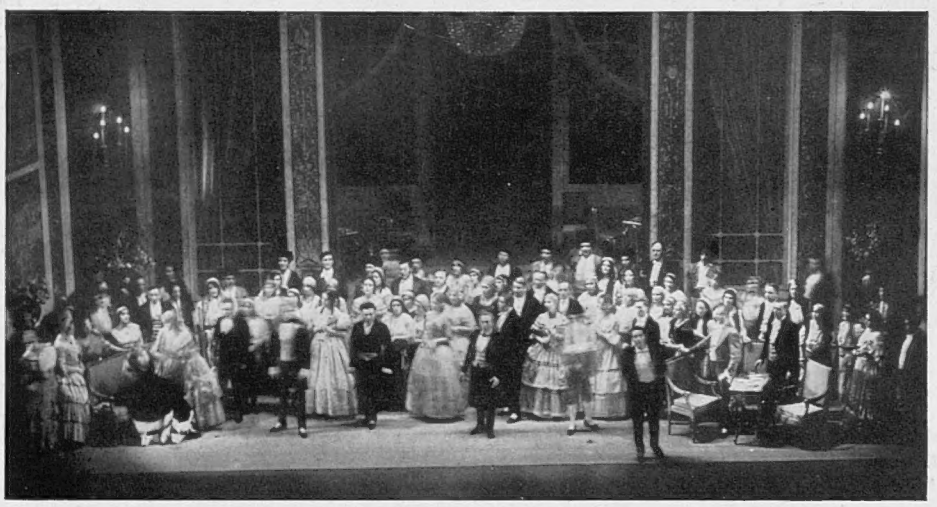
EXOTIC: Miss Natalie Coe, a brilliant debutante of New York

CYNOSURE: Miss Jeanne Meagher during one of the entr'actes

NON-ALCOHOLIC: Only pussyfoot refreshments are (offically) available to sustain the audience even through *Parsifal!* Dinner jackets are only just permissible

PROMINENT "SOCIALITES": Colonel and Mrs. W. Hayward arriving

REVISITED: Mr. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, formerly an opera star



THE CREAM OF MUSIC sings to the cream of New York Society—a glimpse of the stage during the performance of *La Traviata* which inaugurated the 1931-32 Metropolitan Opera House season

DEBUTANTE: Miss Barbara Melletter, with orchids and escort

SOCIAL "REGISTRATES": Major and Mrs. William Kennelly

EXODUS: Dowagers, magnates, mothers, social registrates, debutantes, and "sub-debs" throng the pavement of Broadway and 38th Street awaiting their cars. The crowd gathers to watch the entrance—not the exit—of the great society throng

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Mrs. and Miss Storrs at the inauguration

Ths opening of the New York Opera Season marks the inauguration of the Winter Social Season in the American capital. The classic jest that 750 of New York's Four Hundred were present is turned into earnest even in these days, when the counter-attractions of speak-easies and jazz cabarets exert upon the Bright Young Things an almost irresistible alternative appeal. It is at the Opera House that the rare American topper or Gibus is seen; there are the smartest gowns, and there the most exclusive "registrates" or "socialites" as the society leaders are officially or colloquially termed. The blaze of jewels caused the first circle boxes to be named "The Diamond Horseshoe," but this year, owing to the universal depression, the parade of jewels was not quite so glittering as in the roaring days of yore

The STUDENT CULT for BLOOD in INDIA

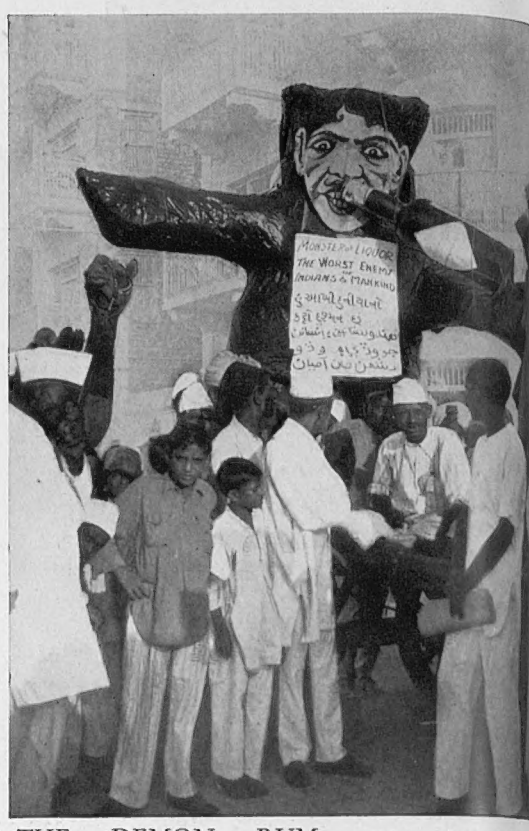
The Age-Old Indian Cry: "Give Me Blood"—the Ritual of the Divine Patroness of Thuggee—Rings with Fatal Effect in the Ears of Young University-Educated India

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN

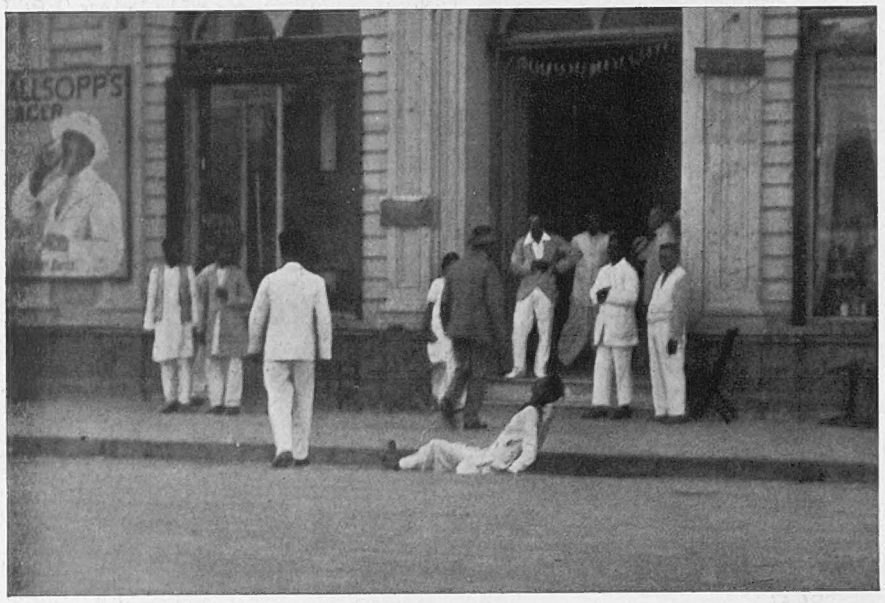
The fierce false fire that has been raging in the hearts of some among the Indian students in the countless colleges of India has broken out in a new direction. The British love dangerous pursuits, and their desires are being given rein in the kindly sport of presenting prizes to Hindu students and scholars. We have seen several Englishmen wounded and even murdered while at this particular sport. The latest outrage is the attempt to murder Mr. G. Villiers, President of the European Association in Calcutta, who has escaped with his life, but not without a pistol wound, at the hands of an ex-student, in his office at Calcutta. This particular outrage has produced two distinct reactions. It is also peculiarly inept in that Mr. Villiers has shown himself very sympathetic to all reasonable plans for Indian development, and little deserves this hysterical attention.

Month in, month out, for more than two years has one student outrage followed another. The British officials are always extremely helpful towards young and student life. Everything that the latter have learnt of western life, cricket, football, games of all kinds, their scouting and the like, has come to them from the devotion of those who have led and taught. The acting Governor of Bombay is wounded while giving away prizes at a college in Bombay; Mr. Peddie in Bengal is shot while doing the same at a junior school; Bhagat Singh, the murderer of Mr. Saunders—the most beloved and respected of police officers—and a native police officer as well, was a graduate; he it was who also threw bombs at the assembly when Sir John Simon was present. Almost every other outrage comes from the same source.

During the Bengal sedition trials, of which Sir Michael O'Dwyer gives so clear an account, it was abundantly shown that among students definite secret societies existed into which young students were initiated. Solemn, if at times somewhat ludicrous, ceremonies of initiation existed, made up of garbled extracts from the rituals of freemasonry, Indian religious fraternities, with their omnific word, and even such insignia as the noose and the pick of the Thug.



THE DEMON RUM: *The effigy of t Gandhi-ite faction, which is strongly teetotal. This treated like our Guys of November 5 and is bo through the streets (on a camel cart) and burned*



THE CAUSE—*A Congress volunteer picket attempts to obstruct a (white) customer from going into a café for a drink. The white in question—weary of* fainéant *governments, has recourse to his hands, and knocks the picket down*

—AND THE RESULT: *White blows are too heavy artillery for a decadent t like the Hindu to endure with impunity. When the picket fails to rise his compani in sashes and Gandhi caps crowd round in abject consternation*

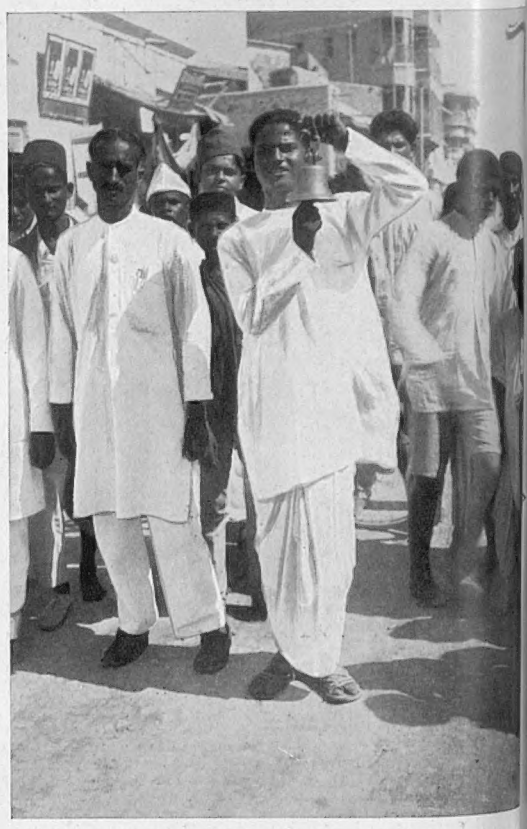
The long list of murders has been often enough reproduced in the daily press, but the governing factor in the situation, alike alarming and pathetic, is the fact that the murder gangs have obtained as their instruments the lads from schools and colleges. The outrage has been followed by two happenings, of which the first will certainly have a remarkable effect. The younger men among the Europeans and loyalists, obsessed by the failure of the Government to protect them, and its own officials, both British and Indian, from the students' murder gangs organized by the terrorist leaders, have let it be known that the next outrage will be followed by the death of a prominent Bengali seditionist. When Government fails Judge Lynch appears on the scene.

The Red picketing in Calcutta was to a great extent put a stop to last year by counter-picketing. Just as Sir Oswald Mosley knew how to put a stop to blackguardism at his meetings, so had some of the younger men and Indian merchants, tired of being bullied, started their counter-organization. When blue pickets appear you don't see the red pickets' heels for the dust. Karachi had also made some display, and only Bombay apparently had failed to play the man. So now we may expect to see murder followed by a little just reprisal. It is not good government, bnt it will perhaps take the place of such.

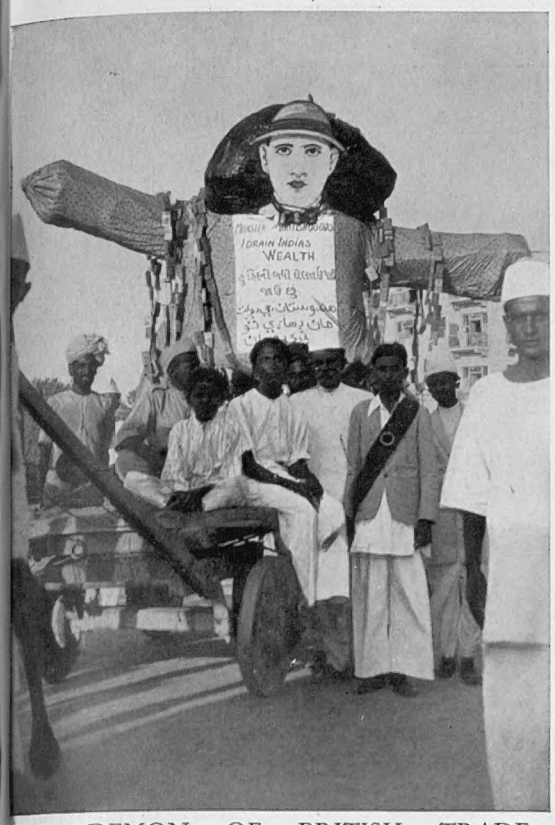
The other incident that has followed on this outrage has been Mr. Villiers' telegram to *The Daily Express* pointing out that the continual outrages carried out by students could not go on if Government had done its duty, and laid by the heels those bitter, implacable yet cowardly heads who are responsible for murder cults and *bomb-parast*—"bomb worship"—among the student-classes. Mr. Villiers, slightly stirred by the dastardly attempt on his life, wants, like everyone else, to see this cursed spirit for which the atmosphere engendered by Mr. Gandhi's action, as he himself admits, has no small share in the responsibility, cut out at the roots.

What, then, is student life in India; how is it to be freed from this disease that leads its more excitable members on the road to the gallows? There are in India fourteen great universities—seven are unitary, seven are affiliated, and of the unitary universities one is Hindu and one is Moslem. The latter has long held pride of place, perhaps, as the matrix from which able and remarkable men have sprung. All of the universities, however, and the affiliating universities, have over 230 affiliated arts colleges, turn out remarkable men, some of whom in the province of science have earned a world reputation. What do the seven unitary universities and 230 colleges do in this land of 350,000,000 people? For what are the young men being prepared? The answer at first is simple: they are being educated in Western ways for the life of their country, or rather of their continent. There are many careers, professional careers, in which Western education alone offer prospects—the law, medicine, veterinary science, teaching, agricultural science, forestry, and the numerous teachings covered by the word engineering; last but disappointingly least, Government services; but the total of these is far less than the aspirants.

It is not an unfair thing to say that India has been in the hands of the educational enthusiast for manyyears. There is much love of learning among the literary and business classes, fostered in spite of the centuries of blood and turmoil. The not unreasonable belief that prosperity and success lie in Western education has sent the young people to the arts colleges and to the English schools. The result is one with which



THE CONGRESS TOWN CRIER: *A Cong volunteer collects a throng of people by ringing a b When assembled he announces the latest seditio arrangements or broadcasts the news of the latest ar*



THE DEMON OF BRITISH TRADE: *Another effigy burned after a mock procession through the streets of Karachi. The childish mentality of the Hindu is clearly revealed by these puerile demonstrations*

over-led also by education enthusiasts, we in these Islands should be painfully familiar. We are turning out more well educated young men than can find a career proportionate to their attainments. For thirty years this has been going on. The country has been flooded with B.A.'s for whom there is little employment. B.A.'s of universities would clamour for the most trivial government appointments. This does not make for content. It gives rise to much outcry, but it is but the condition of an overheaded country. The life of India, largely agricultural, will not support, nor does it need, this galaxy of the educated. It is the fashion among the sour and unthinking to ascribe this condition to the British, not to the centuries of conquest and warfare and invasion; not to the climate which failed in its rainfall till British engineers spread the water of the rivers over the land; not to the ineffective Hindu system, to its early eroticism, to its too-soon consummated marriages.

Well rubbed into the disappointed, spread as a racial grievance amid students with their girl wives, this false doctrine has of late been festering like a manure heap. The Indian students are eager, attractive lads enough, and merit the affection which the Britons among their teachers give them. Eager, confiding, anxious, they enlist all our sympathy, and deserve better of the Government of India than to be left to the machinations of a clique who have no real message to give. This is the kernel of Mr. Villiers' message. To realize the situation some thought must be given to the religious framework that animates half the population of India, and which forms a ground-work for a murder cult.

Those who know something of the inner story of the Hindu religion and its workings know of that cry that echoes in so many of the legends of the goddess Kali, the *sakhti* or female counterpart of Siva, the Great God, Mahadeo. Siva himself, the Destroyer as well as the Creator, has a furious female side. The goddess Kali, the patroness of much that is good, as well as of much that is evil, appears, and is often so depicted, with her hands full of writhing human victims. "*Main bookhi hun*," "I am hungry, I want blood," is her cry in this cruel side of her nature. The cry, "*Main bookhi hun*," "Give me blood," is ready at all times to break out in the Hindu psychology. Because two great principles underlie the Hindu philosophy of life and death—transmigration, or rather reincarnation and *karma* "actions"—the whole outlook turns to *laissez faire* and fatalism and, in the daily uses of life, to a cruel disregard thereof. As a man lives so must he be reborn to higher or lower destiny. A man must work himself up through the ages through one reincarnation after another—now up the ladder to salvation, now down the slippery path to reclimb once more.

Samara, the sum total of his life and his *karma*, will settle his next life. Be he in pain or tribulation here that is but his deserts. Who shall help him avoid his just punishment and retrial?

The results of such philosophy are patent enough, in disregard of suffering humanity and in the orders of beasts. If a crow is tearing lumps of flesh from the open sore on the back of the dying donkey or bullock too feeble to beat off his torturer, who would interfere? The soul that is within the beast, the *atman* that is part of the world-*atman*, the world soul, from which pieces are broken off, has to expiate even at the hands of the torturers of the flesh with which it is temporarily involved, must drink the cup of its sentence to the dregs. Such a philosophy carried out to its logical ends produces that callousness at which Miss Mayo, the newcomer to the East, has reacted so fiercely. Hinduism has sacrificed countless widows at the funeral pyre, and will do so to-day when the police are napping. Hinduism exposes its daughters to die, because female children are an incubus, their marriage an anxiety, their honour considered so frail as to be easily lost. Hinduism in some sort sanctions and fosters Thugism, and the Thug, murdering his thousands for the sake of gain and an ultimate hatred of all that have more than he, flourished for countless generations, if not under Hinduism, under the state of chaos from which India as a whole was rescued.

For a space entirely untraceable had this system of gang murder flourished, an inheritance some say from the Sheikh ul Jebel, the "Old Man of the Mountains." In twenty intense years a century ago the British stamped it out in a story that is a super-adventure. The Thug called on Bhowani and Kali, under whose patronage he claimed to work, in whose name his ritual of initiation worked, and with whose name on his lips he strangled man and maid, young and old, for the goods that they carried and the jewels that they wore. *Main bookhi hun*, "I am hungry," calls the goddess. The Thug, the secret assassin, the worshipper of bomb and pistol answers, "Blood is here," *Kali Ma ki Jai*, and tears limb from limb in hysterical fury the children of his Moslem neighbour.

So behind the outwardly gentle life of the non-martial classes, which predominate among the Hindus, is an inherent callousness of life. To what this can lead, one shilling and threepennyworth of horror will reveal in the Report of the Commission that inquired into the Cawnpore disaster, and the tally of the murders carried out by eager young students—those students to be seen on the grass in the public garden studying their books, or too often the pornography which Latin Europe specially purveys for them.

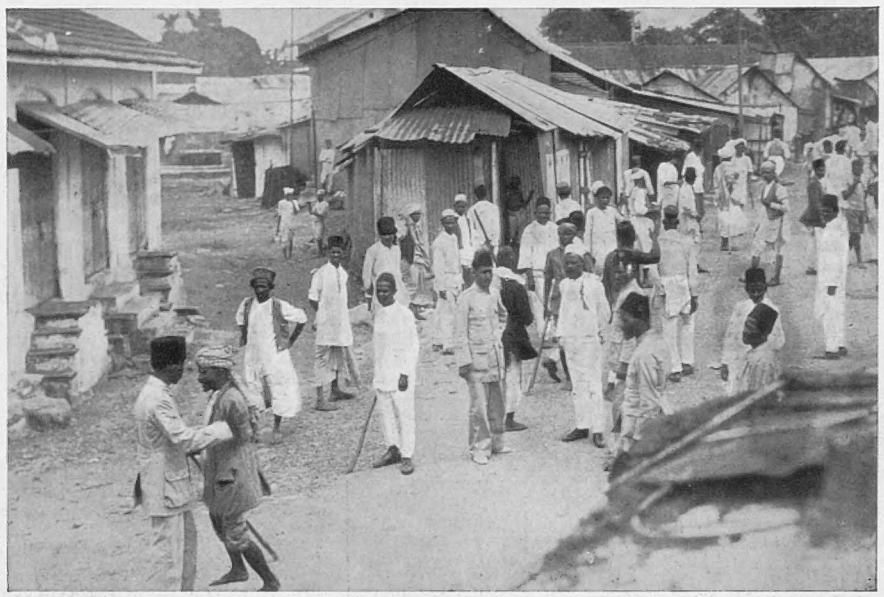
Who are the men behind the students, the moulders of the immature bitter fury? They come of an implacable gang as old as the ages. They were first born when the followers of Gautama Siddathy, the Buddha or "enlightened," slowly gathering momentum in the five hundred years before the birth of Christ, drove Brahminism off the face of India into underground pockets. Five hundred years more the leaven fermented, and then came again to be disappointed of its triumph by the Tartar invasion of the sixth and seventh centuries, and driven once more from complete dominion when the Turks and Moslems in the eleventh century commenced their conquest.

Amid the countless amiable and strangely devout mass of Hinduism, this implacable nidu has carried on its infertile vendetta with the outer world, using to its purpose such world movements as come within its influence. Because in rebuilding India from the thousand pieces into which the Turkish Empire of Delhi had fallen Great Britain has led in humanity and progress; because in the process many new spirits are released, the old serpent would turn on its benefactor, suborn its youth to murder its leaders, disregard the hand that offers ample share in progress, and would bring India down in turmoil and sorrow once again.

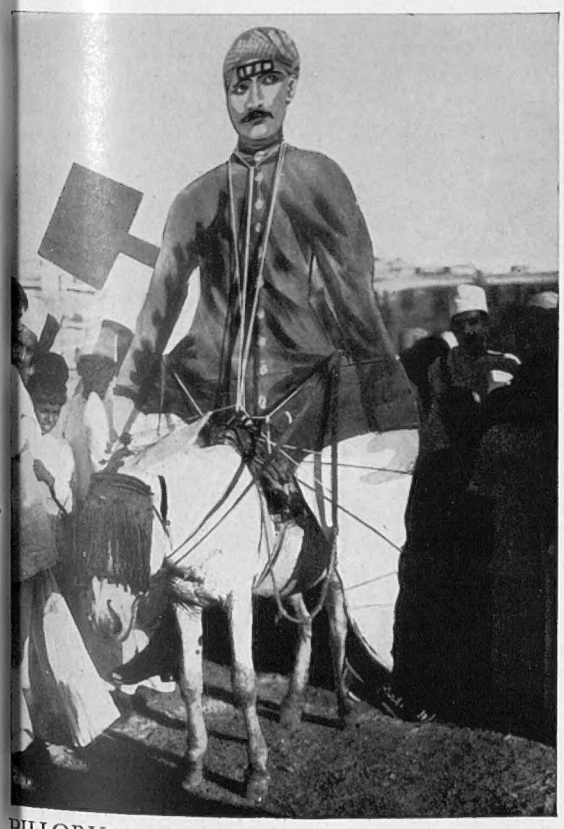
How can the students be cured of their madness? It is hard to say. Gandhi has long refused the open hand of many Viceroys, inviting him to help. Advancement of all kinds, eager, sympathetic British officers leading with the Indians, is in progress far beyond the conception of folk in England. Will its work root out with the knife the cancer of which Mr. Villiers complains? Perhaps this, and the playing of the game, will bring its own reward, but it is high time that British and Indian officials should not be murdered to make a student's funeral and an implacable's holiday. Most of the delegates to the Round Table know it well enough, kindly and understanding if not always effective if some of them are, and for the most part are only too anxious to see murder trampled out, so that wise development with the safeguards they know to be essential shall go forward. To them as to the British, the scenes in the dark recesses of the cities where students are sworn in to murder are anathema. . . .

"Put initiate's hand on bomb, on altar, swear after me, hereby and hereon," as runs the ritual that ministers to the demand of a popular deity for blood.

CONGRESS NEWSBOARDS: *Seditionist newspapers having recently been compelled to close down, Congress has therefore plastered (by the owner's permission) certain walls with cement in which news is written twice daily*



AFTERMATH OF A HINDU-MUSLIM RIOT: *A Muhammadan volunteer endeavours to dissuade a co-religionist from wielding a* lathi *(stave) during one of the ever recurrent outbreaks of friction between the two antagonistic sects in India*



PILLORY: *The effigy of a foreign cloth dealer mounted on a donkey—a protest against his having violated his agreement with Congress not to sell foreign cloth for a given period. Boycott followed this mockery*

RIOTING in ATHENS

CYPRUS DAY: A sequence of five incidents when Athenian students demonstrated for the Island's union with Greece

The recent outbreak in Cyprus for union with Greece had repercussions in Athens on "Cyprus Day." Students demonstrated and even rioted in the great classical capital and their ardour was cooled only by the use, by the authorities, of fire-pumps, which drenched some thousands of hot-heads. The National Library was sought as a refuge, but the military, reinforcing the police, hunted the students out. The wounded were taken away by the forces of order and their injuries attended to

COMEDY in CORSICA

THE BANDIT CHIEF: Spada shakes hands with a reporter under the influence of a young French demoiselle

SUSPECT: Hand-cuffed prisoners arrested by the French for having given aid to the Corsican bandits

PRISONERS are escorted under strong guard to Ajaccio. The national transport is of the most primitive

A state of siege has been declared in the island of Corsica, where a French force of 600, with machine guns and aeroplanes, and supported by warship patrols, is waging a determined war upon some forty bandits. At La Punta, about twenty miles from Ajaccio, Republican Guards are strongly entrenched in mountain outposts

RETURN and RELIEF

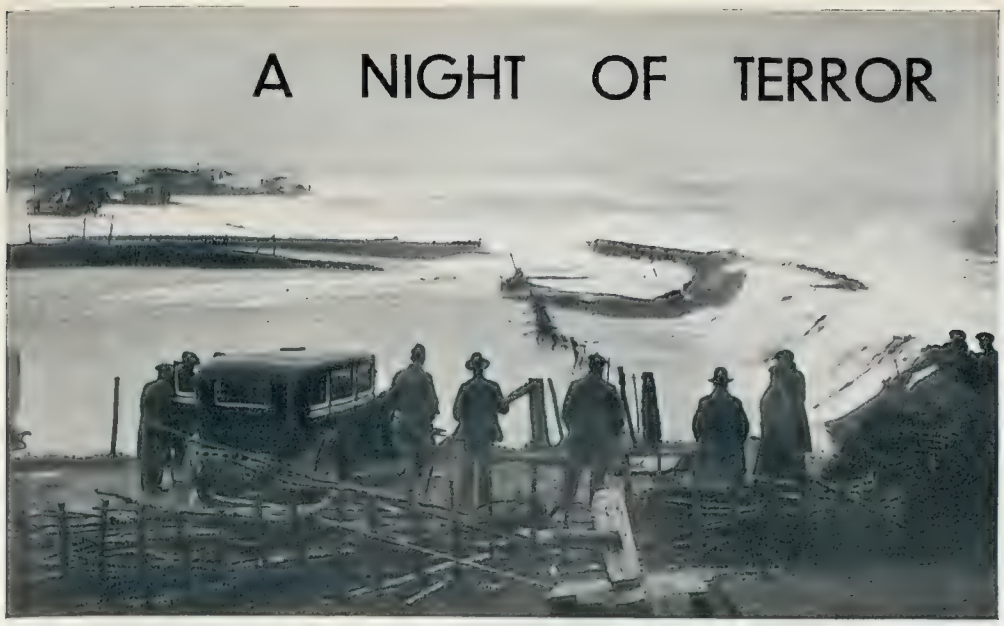
THE RETURN FROM THE REALM OF ETERNAL ICE: Members of the Watkins Expedition (which included Mr. Courtauld) return to civilization. Mr. G. H. Watkins is seen in centre

THE FEAST OF TRIUMPH: Breakfast in Copenhagen enjoyed by members of the Watkins Expedition to Greenland after their arduous ordeal

The Watkins and the Wegener Expeditions have at long last returned from their ordeal in Greenland and received a tumultuous, popular, as well as official welcome on their arrival in Copenhagen. The memory of Dr. Wegener, who perished on the ice-cap, was honoured, and the sorrow for him and the joy at the fact that Mr. Courtauld, of the Watkins Expedition, had been successfully rescued, combined to make the occasion an emotional one. The work done by both expeditions was of the highest scientific value

THE LEAGUE MEETS IN PARIS: The session in the Salle d'Horloge, convened to consider the burning question of the imminent Sino-Japanese war—M. Briand, Sir John Simon (representing Britain), and General Dawes (representing America). The whole prestige and even the future of the League of Nations hinge upon its ability to deal competently with this dispute, for, should either of the belligerents disregard the suggestions of Geneva, and its authority be flouted, it will probably fade into the limbo of forgotten dreams

A NIGHT OF TERROR on the SOUTH COAST



THE INROAD AND THE INRUSH OF THE SEA: Residents of Winchelsea watch the angry November gales pound Bungalow Town to pieces. After a long battle, the forces of Nature, represented by the sea, have finally vanquished the united efforts of the locality

DERELICT: A solitary bungalow, totally surrounded by the sea, being gradually pounded to pieces by the waves. There was 4 ft. of water on the seaward meadows

THE STORM BEATS ON WINCHELSEA: Night. Mountainous seas pound the Ship Hotel at Winchelsea during the furious gales of mid-November

THE CHIMNEY STACK HAS GONE: The Old Ship Inn, Winchelsea, is, as we go to press, unlikely to survive the winter storms

SALVAGE: Furniture being carried from the Ship Inn at low tide after it had been nearly shattered by the failure of the £2,000 breakwater newly erected

AFTERMATH: The scene of havoc at Littlehampton revealed by the dreary light of morning after the night of storm has assailed the South Coast

MATCHWOOD: The newly-constructed £2,000 breakwater at Winchelsea which snapped like matchwood in the raging gale of last week

MUSIC HATH NO CHARMS! A piano being rescued from one of the shattered bungalows at Winchelsea, now, with Rye Village, flooded

"THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION": An aerial view of Bungalow Town, Winchelsea, and its immediate environs, now that the breakwater has failed; it was half finished three weeks ago at a cost of £2,000, but the backing of shingle had not been added

WIND, RAIN, AND SEA combined in an unholy alliance to wreck Winchelsea bungalow town. This view of the flooded flats shows the extent of the triumph of the forces of destruction—which have scarcely left a house standing. The settlement by the seashore is a thing of the past

b

THE EXPATRIATES OF SPAIN: Major Franco with Mechanic Rada and Colonel Macia, the instigators of the abortive pre-Revolutionary "putsch" in Spain, proved a trifle too warm even for go-as-you please Paris and went to the ultimate refuge of those who leave their country for their country's good, Belgium. Paris is now filled with expatriate Monarchists, not Republicans!

A PARADISE OF

The French Capital is Hons their Own Government: A Russians, etc. They are give

By

When Monsieur Chiappe, the most energetic chief of police Paris has had in a generation, paid a recent visit to London, he outlined a scheme for an international movement against foreign agitators and listed "bad men" in the various capitals. That Paris should be the inspiring centre of such a plan is perhaps only natural, since nowhere to-day is so much subterranean plotting done as in the French capital. Time was when it was Geneva, favoured so long by Lenin and his outcast band at the beginning of the century. And then Barcelona led the dance for some years, and later again, the scene shifted to Lugano. But gradually the arrival of different post-war governments in one country after another led to all roads conducting Pariswards. By the Seine the door was wide open. "The political opinions of all are respected" is the local way of putting it. It is a reading of liberty which sometimes causes friction between France and neighbouring States. It also leads periodically to striking transformations in the plotters' paradise, conforming to the overflow of regimes in foreign lands.

The great change this year has centred on the substitution of Spanish Monarchists-in-exile for the Spanish Republicans who for so long gesticulated and argued and conspired in or outside their own special cafés. It is just one of those turnovers in political refugee-land which ever and anon alter the face of many Paris haunts. One day the Spanish Republicans held the fort. The next day they were gone. The leaders in Paris were long Señor Santiago Alba and Professor Miguel Unamuno. A third leader, Blasco Ibañez, preferred his Menton retreat from which to assail the *bête noire* of all three men—King Alfonso. At one stage just before his death, Ibañez had planned an offensive on the grand scale, yet the like of which, as events turned out, was only to be realized the other day and in a quite different direction.

Blasco's idea hinged on an aerial leaflet bombardment of Madrid and other Spanish cities. One leaflet only was to be dropped, but it was to have been a two million "edition," each pamphlet containing an attack on the personal life of Alfonso of unexampled violence. Six aeroplanes were chartered and these were to have flown north over the Peninsula from Morocco. The flaw lay in Morocco being a French Protectorate. On the eve of the deluge of printed defamation, Ibañez was invited by the French Government to desist. Someone had let the cat out of the bag.

Last month a similar *coup* — though with one aeroplane only—was executed by the young Italian anti-Fascist, di Bosis, who set off in a German machine from Marseilles and, attaining Rome next morning, dropped 500,000 leaflets attacking the Duce and his regime all over the Eternal City. It was even a suicidal affair, cramming so much literature into the small monoplane, inasmuch as the pilot allowed himself only two hours' fuel for the return flight from Italy across to Corsica. He was never heard of again. Perhaps he hardly expected to live. Before leaving Paris for the last time, he wrote a poem saying he had a rendezvous with his aeroplane in Provence and the subsequent flow of verse suggested that this ardent young conspirator, one of the best known figures in anti-Fascist Paris, meant to sacrifice himself in the manner he did. The wine of talk, talk, in pavement cafés, had gone to his head. To fly high in the noonday hour above Rome, snapping his fingers at the Duce and at Fascism, would be worth while, even if death inevitably followed.

To nip similar aeroplane "offensives" in the bud has become henceforward one of the set missions of the French special police using swift, armed monoplanes. In particular, there have been rumours of some such aerial *sortie* being made by Spanish monarchists on their perplexed native country. There are signs, in fact, that the newcomers from Spain are not to be allowed the same shrift as their republican predecessors. The Duke of This and the Marquis the Other, who arrived some months ago in Paris in the wake of their fugitive king (remaining aloof at Fontainebleau and round Europe) and who have since extended to be quite a small colony, are being closely watched as they sit in their chosen haunts off the Champs Elysées inveighing against the new order and anti-religion in Madrid. Also, though in connection with frontier outposts, they have hardly had time to develop the necessary plotters' technique. The blow fell with such bewildering suddenness in their case. One moment there they were—on top in their own country; the next, lo! Alba and Unamuno and others had played musical chairs with them!

Only one noted Spanish republican was ever asked to move on from Paris—the airman Franco—and that was because he was listed as being in touch with Moscow. Once a foreigner is suspected of being an active "Red," M. Chiappe's minions are off in hot pursuit. You may plot for almost any country or tendency, so it would seem, save the Soviet. One of the reasons for this is that France has a "Red" problem of her own and that, as chance has it, this is largely concentrated on Paris —or rather, on a red belt in the suburbs. At one time it was computed that this belt held nearly a million sympathisers with Sovietism, but that number has since been widely reduced thanks to a police offensive sustained in nature, yet which strikes the public eye only on special occasions, such as when thousands of preventive detentions are carried out at lightning speed on the eve of some secret Communist rally. The "Reds" of Paris on those occasions spend the day sitting in prison cells or being interrogated, instead of leading street marches.

Lenin and Trotsky may have carved their names in bygone days on the tables of the Rotunde up at Montparnasse, but by a strange turn their disciples are almost the only ones not tolerated to-day in Paris political refugee-land. When somebody is heard talking "red" at a café he is immediately followed for essentials concerning him to be found out—his haunts, *habitués*, source of income, the contents of his correspondence.

Indubitably the most active colony of exiles in Paris is the anti-Fascist contingent which has not ceased to grow throughout the past nine years and has become settled in the Faubourg St. Denis, just beyond the famous Porte which decorates the Grands Boulevards. Mussolini is apt to be vexed at the way France permits these many thousands to manœuvre and inveigh against him, but there is this also to be said: for a number of years early on he was only too glad to see his enemies troop out of Italy. Not until the *fuorusciti* ran into a million in France alone did he conclude it were time to call a halt.

The Duce doesn't want these Paris plotters back again—far from it—but he does want their deep-rooted methods of communicating secretly with sympathisers in Italy, also their bombardment of that land with subversive printed matter, arrested by the French authorities. From time to time Paris agrees something should be done about it, but the notion is that a cessation of anti-Fascist action from the French capital is one of the bargaining assets France is holding up her sleeve when the day comes for arranging matters with Italy in the general political sphere. So meanwhile the merry underground game goes on.

The anti-Fascists of St. Denis have several newspapers of their own circulating openly with contents bills—in fact in this vast brigade you see the utmost expression of political freedom that could well be granted foreign exiles. The pamphleteering alone is a thing to wonder at. As all mail reaching Italy from France is heavily censored, handbills are now printed in tiny type on tissue paper and forwarded in first place to England and the United States, in which countries co-workers remail the contents to Italy, thus avoiding in most cases the vigilant Fascist censorship. Six or seven such sheets can be included in an ordinary envelope and, posted to as many "pivotal" anti-Fascists in Italy, are perilously reprinted by these for distribution among a wider circle in the homeland. For fun the broadsheets of concentrated hate are occasionally posted direct to leading Fascists, even to the Most High.

A second central activity of St. Denis has to do with smuggling their captive political brethren out of Italy, where it has long been a matter of several years' imprisonment and a shattering fine for anyone, even a woman, to depart without official sanction.

A veritable "underground railway" is now in existence by which Italians desirous of shaking free of Fascism are able to leave the country surreptitiously. The system is closely akin to that practised by the Princesse de Croy and Miss Cavell in Belgium in 1914-15. That is to say, the evading Italians are passed secretly from house to house in Italy, up to the vicinity of the frontier. The final stealing over into French territory may be accomplished in disguise by a lonely path on a bad night. (Nor is the payment of money round the frontier said to be unheard of.)

And with what glee are these new recruits received

THE HEAD OF THE POLICE: M. Chiappe (centre), whose rule at the Sûreté is by no means lax. Liberty to expatriates Paris will grant, but if they overstep the mark it means prison or deportation

LOTS and PLOTTERS

combed with Various Cliques at Loggerheads with Fascist Italians; Monarchical Spaniards; Tsaristic Amazing Liberty but the Rein is Tightening

FERDINAND TUOHY

in St. Denis, each escaped one another "smack in the eye" for Mussolini! For a brief while they are the heroes of the anti-Fascist cafés and *ristorante* and clubs where verbal fireworks, in the form of cursing the regime, beat anything that has ever happened. For these Italian exiles—most of whom, by the way, are sound wage-earners—really do expect that some day will mark the end of Fascism. They fully expect to return as top dogs to Rome even as their Spanish opposite numbers lately and so surprisingly re-entered Madrid and Barcelona.

Day after day, hour after hour, the denizens of St. Denis may be seen shouting the odds at their café tables, now canvassing the chances of the Pope sundering with the Duce, now exaggerating about Italian army desertions or the alleged growth of anti-Fascism in Italy. It is all a game of soaring faith and corresponding despair. I had occasion to call on the leader, ex-Premier Nitti, who lives off the Boulevard Raspail. Nitti and Turati are the big men, but they do not openly consort with the hot-heads of the other side of the Seine, preferring the more cosmopolitan cafés of Montparnasse.

A rising band of refugee "men without countries" are the South Americans. Until latterly only the enemies of Dictator Gomez of Venezuela were conspicuous—and they have been conspiring against Gomez, from a fashionable café near the Claridge, for over twenty years—but in consequence of turbulence in Latin America during the past year there are now Argentine and Chilian and Brazilian and a few lesser tribes of political exiles meeting over the *apéritif*. These gentry have money and frequent the Elysée quarter.

The Venezuelan contingent some time back put up a regular attack on Gomez, the chiefs leaving Paris for Poland and thence sailing in a German ship. They managed thus to put the Continental police off their track, but they were nearly all killed in the subsequent rising. Only one or two regained Paris, where they now sit mourning their dead at a new café, not caring to frequent the old.

Political exiles head for Paris from all quarters save the North. You see and hear no malcontent *expatriates* from the Scandinavian lands, nor from Britain, nor from the Reich, or Holland, or Belgium. The reason there are none from the Reich is rather amusing. In their curious "logical" way the French will not tolerate activity by citizens of ex-enemy lands. They will not have, say, Hitlerites conspiring against Bruening, or Heimwehr zealots organizing smothered tactics against Vienna. If you are an ex-friend or ally—well and good (provided you don't make any trouble personally). The long-standing French theme that political opinions are free may be increasingly difficult to sustain in the closely inter-related world of 1931, but thus far it still goes. And so we see South American exiles landing at Bordeaux or Havre, Italian refugees creeping over the Alps, grandees of Spain clandestinely crossing the frontier at Port Bou, or Canfranc, or Irun, Orientals landing at Marseilles. All heading for the Seine, rallying hub and exchange mart of plans and ideas, sure homing haven of the men without countries.

The Orientals tend to concentrate in the Latin quarter round the Panthéon. There is quite a Gandhi coterie, which recently went to salute him at Marseilles, and there are also keen Wafdists, mostly students, who are wont to murder the British Empire nightly at their pet haunts. Yet these *arditi* of the East must needs increasingly watch their steps, since the French are rather scared about the spread of "red" and disruptive ideas in their own colonies, notably in Indo-China. Even close to home—in Tunis—a disagreeable situation has arisen owing to the swarming Italian population having won over a majority of the natives to an anti-French frame of mind. There is now a local National Party, to which the Bey is said to be sympathetic, and this also has tentacles in Paris.

Some pretend that the plotters' paradise has even exercised its fascination over young America, judging by the outright Communistic opinions freely apt to be voiced up at Montparnasse.

The Tsarist Russian colony in Paris is the largest after the anti-Fascist, yet it is so that hoping and planning against Bolshevism is dying out. The exiled Russians, having given up hope of ever again seeing their native land, are inclined now to try and forget about it after a decade of bitter memories. They still hang together in their own resorts and have their special quarter near the Invalides, but their attitude differs radically from what you see in St. Denis. The Tsarist *émigrés* are resigned now. Their music, their habits, their food they retain, and they sometimes run amok quite in the old St. Petersburg style, but they are no longer the white-hot anti-Bolshevics of old. (It is odd, incidentally, how small a part women play in this story. And yet, perhaps, not so odd if we bear in mind that the majority of the exiles hail from southern lands where women are nothing in political affairs. The women who led in this field freely came from the Slav lands.)

The French have their own anarchist quarter, full of dangerous "dives" off the Place de la République. Periodically the police organize what are termed *rafles*. The *rafle*, indeed, is the chief method by which the political refugees are checked. At police headquarters sit experts before large scale maps covered with flags and data. "Raid the sixteenth and eighth *arrondissements* to-night," they order—and out go dozens of motor-vans in the indicated directions. And then descents are made on cafés and restaurants wholesale.

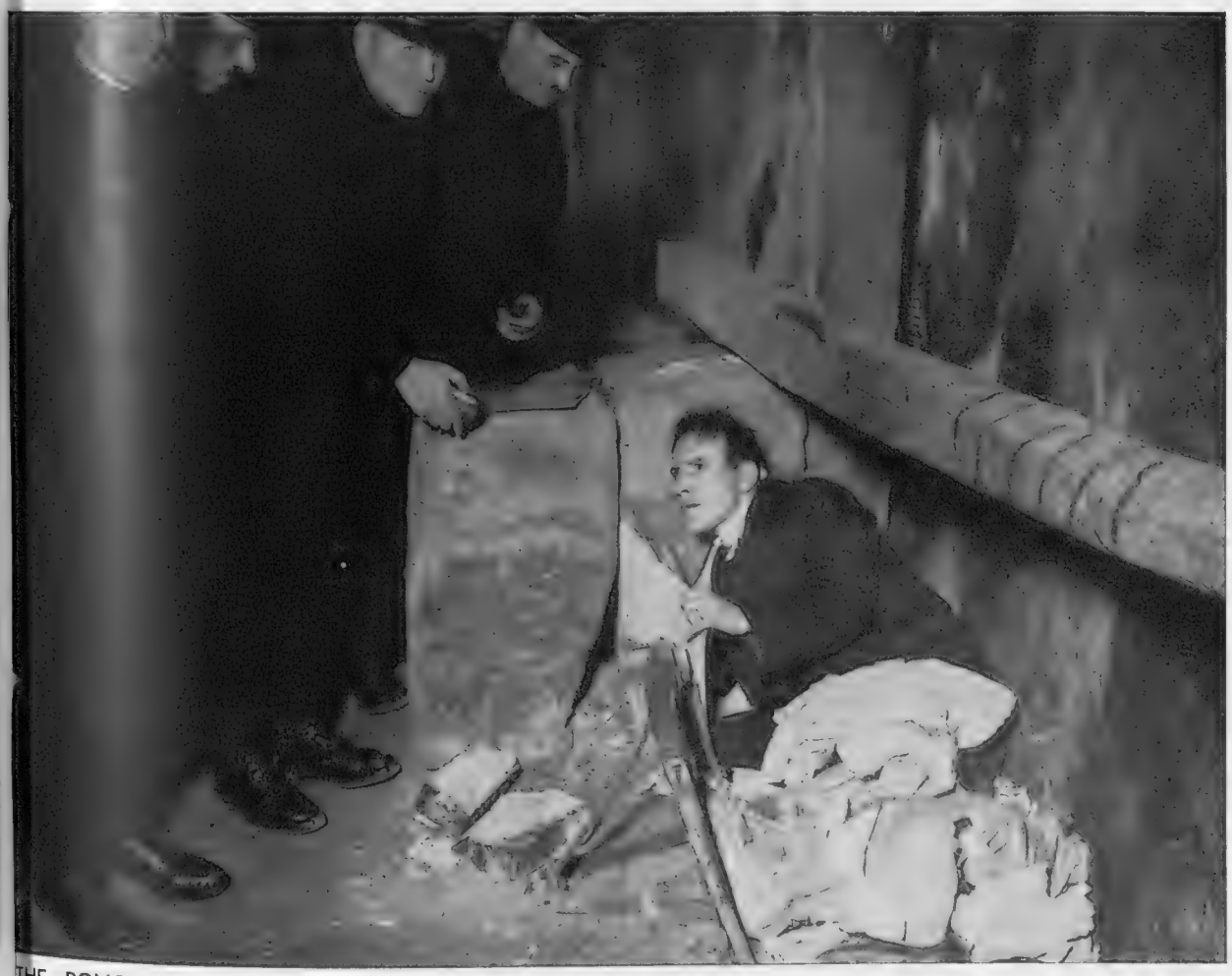
The police enter, and sometimes it may be a case of hands up all round while identification papers are examined and men or women not in order carried off to the depot whence, if foreigners, they are repatriated to their own country or conducted to acquiescing little Belgium—very last haven for the men who have mislaid their countries. The French are adamant about identity papers and proof that an exile is working and did not gain entrance to France by some ruse. Only those strictly in order may remain.

Now and again the newspapers announce that foreigners must absolutely cease indulging political propaganda from the soil of the Republic, but that usually occurs only after some crime or similar uncomfortable incident; and the "il ne faut pas abuser de l'hospitalité française" is, one fears, soon much of a dead letter again—that is, judged by our standards regarding how far foreigners may go, say, in London.

Paris cannot have it both ways: respect all political opinions and expect their exponents not to "get together."

FIERY TALK OVER THE CAFÉ TABLES: Every coterie meets daily and nightly and discusses the affairs of its own nation to the accompaniment of innumerable toasts and patriotic speeches

THE CITY OF EXPATRIATES: A Russian "White" reading his national newspaper and a German student (political refugees of the Central Powers are prohibited in Paris) reading a Berlin paper at the Café de la Paix



THE POLICE IN ACTION: It is not only expatriates who occupy the attention of M. Chiappe and his myrmidons. Along the banks of the Seine there are always tramps who have neither calling nor "papers." Such are always reported by the gendarmerie. The expatriate who has no fixed trade and no identification papers is either repatriated or pushed over the frontier into Belgium. The police, as may be imagined, have their hands full in Paris

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE LAND OF LIBERTY: Typical immigrants from Middle and South Europe crowd to the rails to see the shores of the U.S.A. Their arrival at Ellis Island is a searching ordeal, and the officials are extremely strict. The unfit and the dangerous are unhesitatingly sent back

THE SKYLINE OF NEW YORK, towering until it strikes the stars, not only inspires awe into the hearts of the immigrants in the steerage, but also arrests even the sophisticated upper-deck passengers

THEIR BACK TURNED ON THEIR OUTLOOK: A Czech peasant nurses her little daughter during the weary wait before landing at Ellis Island. For her, the diminutive child is of far greater import than the gigantic skyline of New York

VISITORS FROM HOLLAND: A typical Dutch peasant and her little boy arrive with all their possessions wrapped up in bundles, recalling the hideous days of refugees and the flight from Belgium. The strength in both faces is a revelation

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM from Sicily, the Camorra-ridden isle of Italy—now at long last being "cleaned up" by Mussolini. The mother carries her luggage as she was wont to carry her farm produce or her water jars—on her head. Many of America's premier bandits are unsuccessful and emigrant *Camorristi!*

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE to recompense him for the sorrows of the past, this Czech peasant shades his eyes to glimpse the land of opportunity to which he has come

THE BELLE OF THE STEERAGE: A tiny Italian tot surrounded by her family holds court at the approach of Ellis Island. Two or three of the older girls find the approach to New York even more enthralling than the most attractive of infants

FROM RED TO RED, WHITE AND BLUE: A Russian immigrant, with all his possessions, awaits his turn at Ellis Island

GATEWAY to LIBERTY

Ellis Island, through which U.S. Immigrants must Pass

It's a little island, flat-faced and a little red with the tears that are shed upon it, year in and year out, by the aching hearts of old women and young men. Hearts that beat hopefully all the way across the bleak Atlantic. Hearts that soared when the verdigris-ridden Statue of Liberty, for which there is no room on the vast American continent, leapt out of the sea into view.

Yet, just in the shadow of that copper lady with her now meaningless torch, crouches this little island of lost hopes. It is the sentinel of a continent—the "no thoroughfare," lying at the wrong end of a long road.

"I should prefer imprisonment in Sing Sing to incarceration on Ellis Island awaiting deportation," said no less a person than the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Auckland Geddes, a few years ago.

Imagine if you can, while you hold your nose, hundreds upon hundreds of peasant women and girls from Southern Russia; ugly, thick-lipped, unwashed Italians and Croatians—all being undressed and medically overhauled. And (the tragedy of it!) tear trails across every face, for they had all spent the savings of a lifetime in coming to this land of promise, only to be told "You cannot enter."

But when I visited it again a year or so ago the air was heavy with the scent of soap and disinfectants. The floors glistened. There were spotless sheets on every bed. The food was every bit as good as what I had eaten less than an hour before in the Newspaper Club just off Broadway. In the large recreation-room there were endless diversions. A cinema operator even provided them with an evening of films.

The material conditions have altered, but of course the humiliation and the heart-aches remain. Detention on Ellis Island is in effect imprisonment. It means complete loss of liberty. And the only crime of the unhappy thousands here is that they didn't know some trifling something that they could not have been expected to know. Their sins were not of commission but omission—though, of course, there are some of the other sort, too, awaiting deportation. I mean prostitutes who have been chased out of Kansas City by some Purity League, and gunmen who happen not to be naturalized American citizens.

But these crooks and undesirables are definitely in a minority here. The bulk of the people here are men and women who are anxious to reap that golden American harvest of which they dreamed in their European misery and poverty. Some are tainted with "senile decay"—which means a weight of years beyond sixty. Others have some defect or affliction of the eyes. Or, worst of all, are suffering from "moral turpitude," which is an elastic term capable of a convenient interpretation. It was under this clause that they detained poor Marie Lloyd here, merely because she happened to have married two or three times. And the Countess of Cathcart, too, who had happened to figure in a divorce case. You would not expect such rectitude from a country in which film stars seem to find new husbands every other year. Only those aliens may be permitted to enter who come within the quota, for even marriage does not confer U.S. citizenship. For those outside the quota—repatriation.

R. J. M.

CHINA and JAPAN

The Races Contrasted and Compared

The present situation in Manchuria has focused the interest of the world on the two great yellow races of the East. Both within the past few years have made wholesale adoptions from Western civilization; both are cited at once as the most honourable of Asiatics by their admirers, and the most unscrupulous by their detractors; both have the reputation for Oriental inscrutability; both have the fatalist contempt of death.

One great difference, however, between the two races lies in the fact that the Japanese have assimilated the features of European life that they have appropriated. The modern machinery in Japan is efficient; the army, modelled upon that of Imperial Germany, and the navy, copied from Britain's, display the acme of proficiency; while the recently over-boomed "modernized" forces of China demonstrate merely the futility of putting new wine into old bottles. Furthermore, the Japanese has absorbed, with his Germanic military training, something of German jingoism—the worship of the State as of a god—which, added to his traditional personal code of *Bushido*, makes him a magnificent fighting unit. Finally, the Japanese is still commanded by his natural leaders.

The Chinese, on the other hand, though the real aristocracy has as lofty a standard of personal honour as exists, is to-day led by its adventurers, whose appeal to their troops is not that of patriotism but solely of loot or of self-interest. Cynical to the point of treason, the Chinese generals fight their wars on the principles of the basest personal expediency. Unlike their rivals, the Chinese have no recent tradition of military success, and they show another divergence by being heterogeneous. The ancient formal religion which might have united them has now either rotted away into purely local diabolism or withered into atheism.

China is to Asia what Russia is to Europe—unconquering but unconquerable. For this both countries have to thank their gigantic size, the scattered nature of their settlements, and the natural obstacles, topographical and climatic, that bar the way of the invader.

The theory of rising and falling nations explains the divergence between China, the creator, and Japan the Frankenstein—for the tiny dynamic land derived its civilization from Cathay. China is the falling nation—loose-knit, passive, apathetic; her numberless millions scattered throughout her stupendous territory; hideously hidebound; vainly cloaking her moribund antiquity in a vainly publicized parade of innovation, and, in her yellow heart, longing only for the Peace of the Poppy: Japan is the rising nation—cohesive, active, energetic; her dense population united; sanely progressive; adopting with genius the inventions of others to her own use; and universally animated by the ideal of patriotism.

China, for her grandeur and her majesty, turns her eyes backward to the high greatness of her Imperial past; but Japan is, in fact as well as in name, the Empire of the Rising Sun.

A CHINESE COUNTRY WEDDING: The bride is presented to the wedding guests, and, in conformity with age-old tradition, serves to each individually a cup of rice wine, and receives in exchange a small congratulatory gift

AN IMPERIAL RECORD: Mrs. Tomoko Otani, the wife of the chief priest of the Kyoto Honganji Buddhist Temple and the sister of the Empress of Japan, sings into a microphone during the making of gramophone records in Tokio. At the piano is her brother, Viscount Fushimi

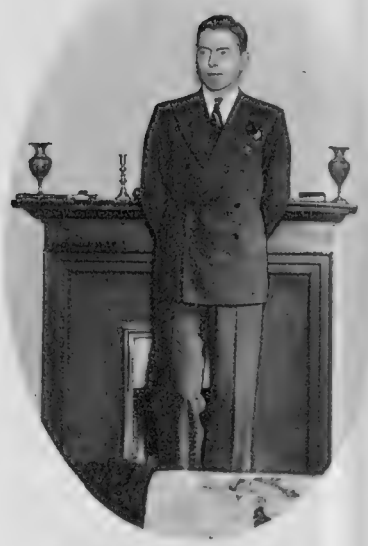
THE PRINCESS RI, the daughter of Viscount Matsudaira, in the purely Western *toilette* affected by the chic and aristocratic Japanese. She is married to a Prince of Korea. Another Miss Matsudaira, daughter of the Ambassador to Britain, made social history by marrying Prince Chichibu

"BUY-BUY-BUY": A Chinese drug vendor or chemist offering his wares for sale. He is the Oriental counterpart of the European cheap jack, and carries on his left finger a list of his stock and their prices. The scanty facial hair of the Chinese is clearly shown

The HOME of LOST CAUSES Is To-Day The HOME of TOLERANCE

Oxford, Immediately after the War, was Heaven for the Hearty and Hell for the Æsthete; the Pendulum Swung and the Positions were Reversed in the Late 'Twenties; To-day Normality Resumes its Sway

By CHARLES GRAVES



IN THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH: Mr. Charles Graves, the author of the accompanying article, has just revisited Oxford. He is seen in his old rooms in St. John's, which, during the War, were an army canteen and maintained their wet tradition at least until 1921

"As a matter of fact, Charles, they are definitely a nicer lot of fellows than we were."

This was the climax of a conversation I had last week at Oxford with a don who had been an undergraduate with me eleven years ago, and I agreed with him. For I had been spending the whole day with undergraduates—the President of the Union, the Captain of the Rugger Team, the President of the 'Varsity Crew, the President of the O.U.D.S., and the Editor of the *Isis*, not to mention an American golfing blue, a charming Rumanian undergraduate prince, the Captain of the 'Varsity Boxing Team, the President of the University Athletic Club, as well as my old college scout, my old college porter, and one or two of the dons of my college.

Times have changed whole lots, as the man who had been up with me explained. "You remember how we used to drink," he said, "and debag people and play games furiously, and all the rest of it? It's all different now. There is so much toleration, which is a very good thing indeed in my opinion. The last time that there was even talk of debagging a man here was four years ago, and he had done something undoubtedly acute. Even then nothing happened to him. It was only talk after all."

THE MOST FAMOUS DIGS IN OXFORD: A room in Canterbury House, King Edward Street, where Mr. E. D. O'Brien, President of the Union; Prince Constantin Soutzo of Rumania; Mr. Charles Sweeney, the well-known U.S. Golf Blue and the tenant of the rooms; and Mr. Graves enjoy lunch. Gowns, of course, are never worn informally

HEARTIES: Mr. "Monkey" Johnston and Mr. "Bill" Roberts, President of the O.U.B.C. and Captain of Rugger, outside their "hearty" college, B.N.C. The Brazen Nose used to be a fit symbol for that "beer and brawn" institution. Even to-day only a Blue would dare wear a cap

We were sitting in his rooms having a comfortable afternoon tea. As he talked, my mind roved back to the days just after the War. Nine-tenths of us had been in the Army. I, with my single star, was a most junior ex-officer. At Baliol there was a brigadier-general. In my own college we had nothing higher than majors—staff and otherwise—but dozens had commanded their battalions for days at a time. By contrast, several of the dons were junior captains and less. And as many undergraduates and tutors alike had come up in uniform, having only just got out of the Army under Group 43, it was rather entertaining to see tutors wondering whether they ought to salute their own undergraduates. Clothes were soon built for us, though, and this particular embarrassment was only temporary.

In those days, at the age of twenty, I was a babe compared with the twenty-six-year-olds. To-day at the age of twenty I would be a third-year man in all probability.

Of course, in 1919 we were an abnormal crowd. We had learnt to drink and swear like troopers—or at any rate like infantrymen. We were all celebrating the fact that unexpectedly we had found ourselves alive and the War over. But though actually undergraduates, few of us had any University traditions. In consequence, an undergraduate was judged not by his college, but by his regiment or his division. It did not matter if you came from St. Edmund's Hall or the House, if you had been in, say, the 7th or the 51st. By the same token, injustice was both rough and ready. Every Saturday night a meeting was called, after Hall, by the St. John's College Hare and Hounds, and it was then decided who was to be debagged. If a fellow carried an umbrella he lost his trousers in no time, as well as having his room wrecked. A young man, now a noble lord, who was up at Merton, was debagged because he wore a pair of corduroys. To-day an undergraduate can wear a beard, so the don told me, and get away with it. There is no question about it, we were a rough, tough crowd. We wore grey flannel trousers and plus-fours, and if a fellow did not play games we played old Harry with him.

So uncommon is debagging now that one might perhaps describe the procedure. An unpopular undergraduate would be sitting in his rooms when the door would burst open, and a number of semi-drunk young men would come in and hold an impromptu court-martial over him. He was invariably found guilty. His trousers were removed, together with one of the electric bulbs from his room, which was wrecked. He was then led to the farthest point of the college and given a five yards' start and a chance of reaching his rooms unscathed. He seldom did.

The signal for the start was the smashing of the electric bulb against a convenient wall. It is true that we once discovered a scholar who afterwards represented us in the 100 yards event by this means, but it was pure accident. He, indeed, was the only one who got back in safety.

But one must not dwell too long on the Oxford of twelve years ago, even though it is rapidly passing into oblivion. Still, it is necessary to give some kind of background against which to focus the present state of undergraduates and the University. One of the great joys of Oxford, then, was the freedom from all chapels and roll-calls if one had done a year's service in the Army. By the same token we were able to live in unlicensed lodgings, the landlords or landladies of which were not compelled to notify our absence after midnight on pain of losing their status with the University authorities. There were no regulations about motor-cars, and only one garage was forbidden.

AN OLD SCOUT: Old college servants, like old soldiers, never die, and, far from fading away, never seem to change! The picture shows Joy who has altered no whit since serving Mr. Graves in 1919

The result was that we used to go up to London night after night and return next morning. On one occasion I counted twenty-five undergraduates I knew at Rector's in the Tottenham Court Road at 3 a.m., and there were probably several others I did not recognize. To-day undergraduates are allowed to use their cars only between the hours of 1 p.m. and 9 p.m. That is no good at all for revelry by night. The last train from Paddington to Oxford gets in

AN OXFORD BLOOD: Mr. Jerry Cornes, President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, seen in his rooms at Corpus. The days of high-necked sweaters, suède shoes, silk socks, and lemonade have departed in favour of grey flannels, club ties, and a little beer, although not nearly so much as in the "bad days" of '21

THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS": Mr. Tom Lindsay, seen in the rabbit-hutch which still serves as the office of the leading undergraduate journal. Mr. Graves once occupied this extremely arduous chair. Editorship of the "Isis" involves incessant gossip, inexhaustible wit, and a caustic pen

THE MOST LUXURIOUS ROOMS IN OXFORD: Prince Constantin Soutzo of Rumania in his rooms at 14, Merton Street. Now that snobbism is notably on the decline, although Oxford is far from democratic, the lot of titled undergraduates is far more enjoyable than it used to be when social climbing started in the schoolroom

before midnight. The result of our regime, of course, was that one undergraduate married his scout's daughter, and two or three more contracted unions with barmaids. Looking back on it all, we must have been very difficult to handle.

But to return to Oxford to-day. As a result of a telephone conversation—as they say in police courts—Mr. Tom Lindsay, the editor of the *Isis*, managed to collect for me nearly all the celebrities who are now in residence as undergraduates at Oxford. We met at his offices, and to my immense surprise I realized that everybody knew everybody else, and even liked one another. In my day, and it is only ten years ago, the captain of the Rugger team would not have dreamed of meeting, much less knowing, the President of the O.U.D.S. And yet the two undergraduates who hold these proud positions knew each other's names, recognized each other, and talked amicably together. This would never have been possible just after the War. It took real moral and often physical courage to admit membership of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. As a whole it was only tolerated during Commem. when it gave the only fancy dress dance of the week. As for a "hearty"—in other words, a chap who played games—knowing the President of the Union, it would have been too laughable for words in the old days.

The final touch of modern tolerance—as viewed through the eyes of 1919—was the unharassed and unembarrassed presence of Mr. Akers-Douglas, Lord Chilston's son, whose chief interest in life is tapestry. Mr. Akers-Douglas is a charming and hospitable young man who gets along very well indeed with the other undergraduates. But the unmilitary length of his hair and the colour of his shirt would have made life hell for him if he had been a contemporary of mine.

A YOUNG SCOUT: Undergraduates usually lunch in their rooms—not in the Junior Common Room. Halves of bitter (not "sconces" or half-gallons) form an integral part of the modern lunch

This brings me to another and interesting point about Oxford's development since the War. As I say, in 1919 it did not matter who you were if you had a good military record. Even in 1922 and 1923, when the War tradition had happily declined in importance, undergraduates dealt severely with noble lords who annoyed them, without any hesitation. The fountain at Christ Church had its placid surface ruffled by more than one irritating earl during that period. Everything, though, goes in cycles. From 1924 increasingly until 1929, snobbism grew abominably. Undergraduates positively lunched out with each other in order to meet My Lords—well, I had better not mention too many names. For it was no fault of the latter's, and they felt just as embarrassed as they should when they discovered that commoners who were starting their social-climbing even before they left Oxford had worked for days to secure invitations to meet them.

I will say this. The chief victims of it were Lord Furneaux (now Lord Birkenhead) and Lord Ava (now Lord Dufferin). To-day there are few young men with titles, whether courtesy ones or otherwise; but even if there were, things have altered so much that they would not be discomforted by it. Not that Oxford has gone all democratic.

To quote the don again, "There are practically no sects or sets." Lions lie down with the sheep, and blues have tea with fellows who speak at the Union. The only exception, and even that was a mild one, was in the public attitude towards the handful of juvenile best-sellers who have, however, all gone down by now. I gather that it was not considered very good form to write public-school novels. Speaking generally, however, if an undergraduate gets a good notice from the *Isis* for a speech at the Union, or a piece of acting in the O.U.D.S., he is considered to have done just as well by his college as if he had kicked a goal or secured a try. That, at any rate, is what people told me at Oxford last week.

Mind you, there is always one exception and, as an ex-hearty, I only wish secretly that there were one or two more. At Brasenose College it is definitely the thing to do to play games. Both Johnston, the President of the 'Varsity Crew, and Roberts, the Captain of Rugger, are at B.N.C. B.N.C., moreover, has been head of the river for four years, and this summer put out no fewer than four crews in the summer Eights—a thing that was never done by any college in the most sporting epoch of the University.

MEMBERS OF THE VINCENTS': Mr. "Monkey" Johnston, President of the 'Varsity Crew—his full title is President of the O.U.B.C.—stops Mr. Peter Van der Bijl, the Captain of the 'Varsity Boxing Team in the High. Both are wearing the tie of the club devoted almost exclusively to "Blues" and, to-day, recruited very largely from the ranks of that eminently athletic, beer-drinking and "hearty" college, B.N.C., which produces this year's most notable athletes and has been Head of the River for the last four years

THE O.U.D.S.: Mr. George Devine (standing), President of the Dramatic Society, with other members. The initials are never used in Oxonian converse for the Society is always called "The Owds." Less than ten years ago it needed much moral courage even to countenance the O.U.D.S.—let alone join it—save when they gave their family dress dance at Commem., but to-day members have been known even to drink beer—instead of anisette, or creme de menthe—or lemonade

It will be noticed that, so far, I have succeeded in saying nothing about Cambridge and the run of wins that the Light Blues have enjoyed. But it is difficult to refrain any longer.

There is no question that, although one must allow for definite cycles of success and defeat in the Inter-University events, if the other colleges showed an equal zeal for games Oxford would stand a better chance of defeating the 'Tabs than they do now. When I asked Johnston and Roberts about it they were both far too modest or something to admit openly that this was so. One must put on record that they both pointed to Baliol, Trinity, and Univ. as other sporting colleges. But I rather doubted the genuineness of what they said so politely.

(*Continued on p. 332*)

MR. CHARLES SWEENEY, the U.S. golfing crack, with his motor, now limited in its hours of use from 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

ÆSTHETES ARE NOW ALLOWED TO LIVE! The Hon. Eric Akers-Douglas, an expert on tapestry with rooms, fitly opposite the O.U.D.S.

SKYSCRAPER...

A SKY-SCRAPER OF CHICAGO: The Merchandise Mart Building—one of the newest edifices to be erected. It is not only in New York that skyscrapers are the rage. This type of architecture was defended on the ground of space-saving in the congested island of Manhattan, but now that all other cities, which have ample land at their disposal, are running up these gigantic structures it becomes clear that the skyscraper appeals to some inherent love of sheer size in the American *psyche* and also acts as something of a symbol of prosperity

AMERICA—THE LAND OF MOTORISTS: A facet of the polity of the gigantic office buildings—especially in cities other than New York, where even magnates take the subway—is the problem of parking. The motor-car in America is even more ubiquitous than in Britain, and the difficulty of dealing with the thousands of cars to be left handy while their several owners work like bees in a colossal concrete hive, taxes the resources even of American city authorities. This shows one great parking-place of Chicago—Grant Park—with several imposing office buildings in the background

Ewing Galloway

WITH WALLS OF GLASS: The newest of New York's skyscrapers—the McGraw Hill Building—shows the "set-back" style now obligatory in these lofty edifices. The great innovation in this particular forty-storey building, which is on West 42nd Street, lies in the fact that the walls, built, of course, on to a steel framework, are of heavy glass

AMERICA'S PHŒNIX CITY: A striking new picture of San Francisco, showing the latest crop of skyscrapers in Western America's business and banking capital which, as recently as 1906, was almost entirely destroyed by earthquake, followed by a three days' fire, when £100,000,000 worth of property was destroyed

THE EAST SIDE SEEKS THE STARS: A view from the Bartholomew Building showing how the skyscraper habit is spreading. Just before the War, save for the Times, the Flat Iron and the Metropolitan Buildings, the great edifices were only extant in the "down-Town" financial area. Now, however, the East Side up-Town is rising rapidly. Certain sections of the East Side are the slums, while another section is "Millionaire Row"

THE SCORPION-EATER

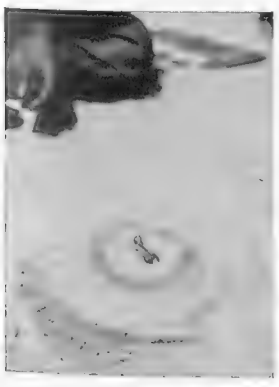
The art of the scorpion-eater consists in addressing the people in a long rigmarole and finally actually allowing the scorpion to slip into his mouth and swallowing it. The trick which he plays in doing this is very simple. He seizes the scorpion by its poisonous sting, and, at the last moment, unseen by the spectators, tears the sting off. The scorpion is the only animal which has been proved to commit suicide. When in great danger of its life it plunges its own sting into its body and thereby kills itself. This set of pictures was taken in Cairo, but the scorpions are collected in the rocky, sterile ground of the neighbouring desert. The tricks fakirs of the East can perform are baffling even to skilled European magicians

SEEKING HIS "FOOD": The scorpion-eater searching in rocks for the poisonous insects he consumes

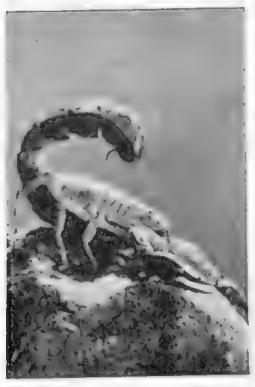
PREPARATORY: The fakir holds the insect by the tail

THE "BONNE BOUCHE": At the moment of eating

SAFEGUARD: The fakir holds the insect by its sting which he abstracts as he swallows it



HYPNOSIS: A scorpion mesmerized by the fakir



THE STING—with which the insect can commit suicide

RODEO

STEER RIDING: A bucking steer is the world's worst mount—except a bronco or a mule

"BRONCO-BUSTING": The ferocity of these untrained beasts has to be seen to be believed

WILD MULE RIDING: These brutes have the ability to take off from and land on all four feet at once

TRICK RIDING: A typical cow-girl in picturesque dress in the Rodeo at Deadwood, South Dakota

During the Wembley Exhibition, Britain enjoyed an opportunity of appreciating the tricks, still performed, of the old time Wild West. The riding of wild steers, carefully goaded into rage, of untrained broncos and of unbroken mules is not entirely a matter of horsemanship, but—at any rate without serious casualties—also a matter of luck. The amusement of the spectators is only too often tempered with anxiety for their friends who can sustain severe injuries by a fall—which, again only too often, may be followed by a trampling. The more showery tricks of horsemanship seldom result even in an accident and the average cow-girl can rival a trained circus equestrienne in the spectacular quality of her evolutions

TROUBLE IN KASHMIR

Those who believe with Mahatma Gandhi that the British Raj should clear out of India, lock, stock and barrel, and leave the great jewel of Empire to its native inhabitants, always dismiss as "selfish" the argument that Britain has large interests at stake in the country. An incontrovertible argument in favour of the British Raj, which should convince even such anti-National sentimentalists, has, however, been afforded by the recent trouble in Kashmir—a state comprised largely of Muslims ruled by a Hindu. Unable to obtain order with his own troops, Sir Hari Singh, the Maharaja, sent out an urgent call; with the despatch of a mere couple of battalions the trouble was at once dissipated into thin air.

MUSLIM MALCONTENTS gathered before the Sacred Mosque, Hazrat Bal, near Srinagar

THE BAZAARS: In these native shopping quarters 90 per cent. of Indian revolutions are fomented

A PLACE OF PEACEFUL TRADE is the bazaar in Srinagar—until political feeling runs high

IMPLORING A VISIT: The merchant, having shown his wares, requests further opportunity of sale

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The Agora of Athens *is being excavated by an American archæological group. This area is known as the American sector, to distinguish it from the site of the Greek excavations. A monument of the Emperor Hadrian has been unearthed, and this picture shows a view of the Temple of Theseus*

Where Even Squares are Now Canals! *It is accepted that the streets of Venice should be waterways, but now there have been such heavy rains that places usually dry are under water. This view of the Piazzetta San Marco shows the improvised pavement*

The Plight of St. Helena: *The place of Napoleon's exile has been suffering severely of late—ever since, in fact, the opening of the Suez Canal—for the outpost is no longer a port of call and has, in consequence, lost its prosperity. This shows a fête day in Jamestown*

Suffering from an Outbreak of Lions! *Nairobi, with its cars and shops, does not suggest danger from wild beasts, but outside on the railway line, owing to a drought, the native stationmasters are suffering terrifying visits from lions who come to drink the water in storage tanks*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on

The

at

STILL ROARING.—The British Lion is not dead, as some people believed, even hoped.

Unexpectedly, he has risen, shaken off his lethargy and somnolence, looks around wide-awake, watchful of dangers in the international jungle. The much-twisted tail is lashing ominously, sign that he is alert to any emergency. Perhaps we will even hear again, now and then, a roar, long, vibrating, just to let it be known that the British Lion is still alive and means to maintain his dignity, prestige, and power.

For generations he has been king in the jungle. Of late the impression has grown in many quarters abroad that he was becoming old, weary, weak, mangy, and sleepy. It is to be hoped that the overwhelming Conservative victory in the elections will go far to dissipate that impression, and again show the British Lion as virile, strong, vibrant with national energy, aflame with determination to look after his own in every part of the world.

While co-operating internationally in every possible way that gives promise of practical purpose and results, I hope that the National Government will return somewhat to the policy that made Britain great, powerful, and respected—that of Britain for British interests anywhere and everywhere.

In recent years that policy has more or less disappeared in the wave of internationalism that has swept Europe since the end of the War, in which national interests have sometimes been neglected for international aims. This internationalism, however noble the ideals, has been manifested in many international conferences, for the most part futile. And in that condemnation I include the League of Nations as it has functioned so far.

America professes often and loudly that it is a leader and a shining example in the policy of minding its own business. But it does not always carry that out. Lacking moral courage to be open and frank, or lacking something which puzzles us in Europe, the United States, although refusing to become a member, plays along with the League of Nations in Geneva, in the guise of official and "unofficial" observers who make reports, directly or indirectly, to their government. The American "unofficial observer" is a feature at almost every big European conference. America is not a member of the World Court in the Hague, but she has a judge in that court.

I would like to point out that the countries least affected by this form of internationalism, and least inclined to lean upon it for protection of national interests, except in so far that the one or the other endeavours to direct, influence, or dominate this internationalism for its own interests, are France, Russia, Japan, Italy, and Turkey.

Let Britain join them in their national policy of "Look out for yourself, and take care of your own national interests."

DIPLOMATIC MERRY-GO-ROUND.—With the return to Paris of M. Pierre Laval, French Prime Minister, from his visit to Washington, the giddy international "Merry-go-round" of European statesmen and heads of government promises to come to a standstill for a while. This "personal contact" business of heads of government, eliminating the diplomatic services, "taking things into our own hands," and trying to "sell" ideas to one another over teas and dinners like so many commercial travellers selling merchandise, has proved a disappointment—one can say, a failure. The results hardly encourage starting up that Merry-go-round again very soon.

It had a hectic beginning when Dr. Bruening and Dr. Curtius, German Chancellor and Foreign Minister respectively, came to Chequers. They rushed back and soon afterwards rushed to Paris to call on M. Laval and M. Briand. From Paris, Bruening and Curtius, accompanied by Laval, came again to London. Next, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson stepped on the Merry-go-round and landed in Berlin. Luncheons, dinners, talks, and a lovely tea in a boat on the Havel River.

Came next M. Laval and M. Briand to Berlin, with "Great Expectations" by the Germans, and a veritable army of police to protect the French statesmen. A German cartoon portrayed Briand complaining that "he could not see the scenery because of the police."

Then Dr. Bruening and Dr. Curtius rushed to Rome. Next, Prime Minister Laval was seized with the conviction that President Hoover and he should "take things into our own hands," and the inspiration to wangle an invitation from Washington. Did not America and France have two-thirds of the gold in the world? How about getting hold of that remaining third?

While M. Laval, his big staff of experts, and corps of thirty journalists were on their way back across the Atlantic, Signor Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister, took his turn on the Merry-go-round and lands in Berlin, to return, on behalf of Mussolini, the visit of Bruening and Curtius to Rome.

Where are we now? Just about where we were when the statesmen's Merry-go-round started on this "personal contact business." Has the world economic crisis, or have the financial problems of any one nation been solved? Apparently not. The statesmen are back home, wiser men.

Now the diplomatic services are being called in to "do the job." For a moment it looked as if ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary were about to become obsolete, scrapped, and the diplomatic services abolished—another economy effected—if prime ministers were going to do their own "embassing" through telephone and "personal contact." But that was just another illusion connected with the dizzy Merry-go-round. The diplomatic services are smiling again—very broadly, too.

AMERICAN "AIRINE."—The 500th American woman pilot received her licence in the United States the other day. What an aerial fleet of winged women!—about ten times the number of women-flyers that we have in Britain.

It attests not only the great interest taken by American women in aviation, but also the encouragement they receive, especially from shrewd manufacturers, who, I found there, cater very specially for women. It means sales. America now has just over 15,000 licensed pilots, including the 500 women.

The low pound sterling should open a big world market for British aircraft

The Statue of Benediction *of Christ which has just b Mountain overlooking Rio peak in the background is dominates the volcanic surround influence the Roman Church, de America with fire and the sw religious movements that h*

WORLD

Large

manufacturers, whose military and high-class light 'planes are recognized as the world's best and most reliable. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria threatens, however, to close one good market—that in China. When the Japanese troops took Mukden on September 18—walked in without notice, as Captain W. E. F. Jones, D.F.C., puts it in *The Aeroplane* — they found nineteen new de Havilland Moth 'planes, only just delivered to the Chinese, on the aerodrome. The Japanese showed their appreciation of the excellent British aircraft —by taking them. Captain Jones points out that more than one hundred Moths have been sold in the various provinces in China.

American aircraft manufacturers are making a determined effort to meet the economic depression which hit them very hard. From large, high-powered transport and private 'planes, a number of manufacturers are turning to develop the cheapest light 'planes in the world in order to maintain popular interest in aviation in America in spite of hard times.

One firm has put out a two-seater cabin monoplane with a 42-h.p. motor, for only £199. Another manufacturer has produced a cabin aeroplane for "two people and a puppy," price £293. And yet another offers competition with a 'plane for £265. The cost of maintenance is low enough to encourage the man-in-the-street to try his hand at flying, for instruction, usually rather an expensive business, is thrown in with the price as a kind of bonus. A "substantial steel hangar" 10 ft. by 24 ft. goes with it for an additional £30.

An aerial picture of the great statue erected on the Corcovado (Hunchback) Janeiro. The fantastically outlined Gavea Mountain. The exalted figure and bears witness to the immense the fact that it was forced on Latin and despite the anarchic and anti- been manifested lately, still wields

THE ART OF STATESMANSHIP.—The British public's optimistic anticipation of a radical change for the better in the affairs of the nation, business, and individual citizen, following the results of the recent election, recalls to my mind a "recipe for successful statesmanship" confided to me in Geneva a few weeks ago by a famous foreign minister who has successfully held unbroken office for a sufficient number of years to rank him as one of the "oldest foreign ministers in the world." Old in office, not so much in years, astute, brilliant, and full of ambition.

"There is no such thing as 'radical change.' It is useless to seek permanent solutions," he told me. "Evolution must be fluid. The art of statesmanship is to meet every problem with compromise sufficient unto the day, since each day is progressive, and to-day's fixed decision might well be out of date to-morrow. The moment a statesman is at a loss for a compromise he ceases to hold power. So long as he can provide temporary solutions to problems which, owing to the necessarily fluid nature of such evolutionary matters as politics, economics, and social questions are relatively temporary in themselves, he is fully serving his country."

It is true that evolution is progressive, and that statesmanship, as also individual effort, too often misguidedly, is directed to obstruct or thwart such evolution.

If this foreign minister had said, "The moment a statesman is at a loss to 'meet' a situation he ceases to hold power," I would more fully agree with him. But I do not like that word "compromise." Too often that means a superficial solution. There have been too many such "solutions" since the end of the War. Shaping national policies to conform to and take advantage of evolution is one thing. *That* is the art of statesmanship. Government by compromise with every situation arising is quite another thing.

SUPER-SUFFRAGE.—One Rumanian woman in her country, where women have only a limited municipal franchise, recently elected a member to the National Senate on her lone vote, thus achieving a super-woman-suffrage undreamed by the millions of her fully-enfranchised sisters all over the world.

The Academic Council of the University of Cluj, the chief city of Transylvania, is represented in the Senate by one of its members, whom the professors elect by secret ballot.

Results of the recent election saw Professor Sextil Pushcariu of the Government coalition, and Professor Banescu of the Opposition, both with twenty-five votes. Miss Negru who, although a Professor at the University, had not been invited to co-operate, was called in to cast the decisive vote. She elected Professor Banescu, who went to the Senate. Immediately followed opposition to Banescu's election on the ground that Rumanian women have no right to vote except in municipal elections. But Miss Negru was a professor, with full professorial rights, thereby presumably entitled to vote. The matter, which raised quite a storm in the Press and public opinion, was referred to the Senate itself.

It speaks well for the fair-mindedness of that body and the Government majority therein, that Miss Negru's vote electing the opposition Professor Banescu was declared valid by 104 senatorial votes to 62. It is now on record that women professors can vote for senators in Rumania.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED—IN JAPAN.—The wisdom of the East expresses itself with piquant application to modern western marital problems through Dr. Fujokya Masaki's *Principles for Married Life* in Japan. They are particularly interesting as definite milestones along the path of revolution and emancipation in that land of traditionally self-effacing, repressed womanhood.

Dr. Masaki tells modern Japanese couples to go out in society independently and freely. "Society does not treat husband and wife as a unit. People treat you merely as man or woman. A woman who acts on her husband's authority is the worst being imaginable in society."

He tells them not to make the home a prison; it is a place of rest, relaxation, and freedom for both parties. Husband and wife should respect one another's personal tastes in food as well as habits. The wife need not force herself to her husband's personal tastes through any sense of obligation or reserve.

"Don't be child centred," the philosopher warns. "A child is not an extension of the couple's life. It is a separate being living its own life.

"Don't be grave. Be earnest and serious by all means, but you don't need the formalities of diplomats between husband and wife." Dr. Masaki characterizes a grave face as a mask, painted with conscious effort. He enjoins them, however, not to be frivolous.

"Don't camouflage. Camouflaging is a pretence, and sooner or later will expose the hostility lying beneath the surface. An armed peace cannot go on indefinitely."

The Royal Democrat: *A charming picture of King Christian of Denmark chatting to the children who visited a great hunting festival held just outside the capital—the Copenhagen Hunt Club's Parforce Hunt. It is entirely due to the influence of the British monarchy that royalty has adopted the common touch*

A Pioneer: *The first Imperial Airways 'plane to land on the Sea of Galilee—an event which occasioned immense enthusiasm, one Bedouin sheikh travelling for days to see the wondrous "bird." The trip to India has been shortened a day by the new alteration of the route*

Aftermath of Abortive Revolution: *Government House, Cyprus—the summer residence —after it had been set on fire during the anti-British pro-Greek riots of last month. Sir Ronald Storrs dealt with the rising at once with severity and tact. The leaders have been deported*

Irish Coercion in Dublin: *After all the bitter words spoken against British Coercion Acts in Ireland, the Sinn Fein Government has been forced to pass similar legislation. Street-corner meetings have now been forbidden by law and police (seen here in O'Connell Street) are empowered to break them up*

PROVISIONING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: Although a large proportion of the food consumed by the Navy is taken aboard before leaving home ports, a certain amount of provisions has to be purchased locally. Getting these foodstuffs aboard at open anchorage is far from easy when there is a sea running, as this picture of victualling H.M.S. *Warspite* at Madeira shows

THE LENDING LIBRARY: A facet of life in the "floating city" of a modern battleship. Naval men read much more than they used in the past

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By FRANK

During the past few weeks the Navy has been used for political purposes to an unprecedented extent, but that is regarded as being only the least of its many troubles at the moment, for internally as well as externally the Service is in the most difficult position that it has occupied for many years.

A full realization of the urgent need for the utmost economy in all naval matters is not by any means the monopoly of any one party, for everybody appreciates its importance at the present time and the Navy itself as much as anybody. But the Service is also in the best position to realize the difficulty of obtaining that economy while maintaining the necessary efficiency, for it has had experience of many economies that have been repeatedly tried and have always proved very expensive in the long run.

From the point of view of naval efficiency perhaps the most dangerous expedient that has been adopted is that of reducing the sea-time of the Fleet in order to save fuel. Few people outside naval circles realize how the time actually spent at sea by the Fleet has been cut down since the War, and this at a time when the French and Italian Navies are putting in more deep sea work than they have ever done before. Drills and exercises, of course, go on just as energetically whether the ship is at sea or in port, and to the layman it would appear that little is lost. But every seaman knows perfectly well that no fleet can ever be made efficient in port.

The result of this economy on training is bad enough, and is to be seen by comparing many of the young bluejackets of to-day with their opposite numbers in 1918 and realizing how much the finest material the Navy has ever possessed is wasted, but even more serious is its effect on the spirit of the Fleet, which it is gradually killing. If a man-of-war is to spend the greater part of her time in port her ship's company is bound to get bored.

There is no doubt that it was the greatly reduced sea time, which is particularly the case in the Atlantic Fleet, which had a lot to do with the recent most unfortunate outbreak of disobedience at Invergordon, and it is significantly noticeable that none of the other formations of the Fleet, which put in very much more time cruising, were affected to the slightest degree. In this we have an exact parallel in the history of other Navies, for both the German and Russian revolutions began in those fighting ships whose men were demoralized by long periods in port. Examples are to be seen in nearly every fleet where ships have been kept too long in idleness.

DULL, BUT NECESSARY, TOIL: Irrespective of weather conditions, there are always chores to be done, ashore or at sea, in the Navy. This picture shows the influence on officers and men alike of the soul-deadening routine ashore. The figure in the foreground is standing near the floats rigged on one of the gun-turrets of H.M.S, *Rodney*

MIMIC WAR ON THE HIGH SEAS: H.M.S. *Warspite*, flagship of the Mediterranean of sea-training, for not only is work in port apt to ruin the spirit of the Navy but the war—during which this picture was taken—is at once one of the most valuable and ever-changing weather conditions create problem after problem but also the exac (practice) ammunition that renders this type of training

NOMY E NAVY

the Need of Saving Money sity of Maintaining Efficiency, evil and the Deep Blue Sea"

C. BOWEN

In Nelson's day old John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, fully realized this factor of naval efficiency, and in spite of his reputation for maintaining discipline by hanging, he always tried to avoid the necessity by keeping the men busy. Time and again in his reports one finds mention of sending a squadron inshore to bombard Cadiz, not because it was worth while from a military point of view, but because it kept the men employed and made a break to the appalling boredom of blockade work, and as the report, "Inshore Squadron bombarding Cadiz," became more familiar, so the log entries, "Hands mustered for punishment," and "Ship's Company hanging mutineers," steadily tended to disappear.

Naturally enough, oil fuel is not the only item on which the Admiralty has tried to economize drastically. Food cannot be touched, for the seaman is constantly demanding better and better and better standards, although he is already one of the best fed bluejackets in the world. But gunnery offers a tempting field, for the cost of repeatedly firing big guns is colossal, even when practice ammunition only is employed. Time and again since the Armistice the allowance of ammunition for practice purposes has been cut down, and the latest reduction of 10 per cent. on a quota already cut to the bone, coupled with the suspension of practically all experimental work, is regarded as being very dangerous.

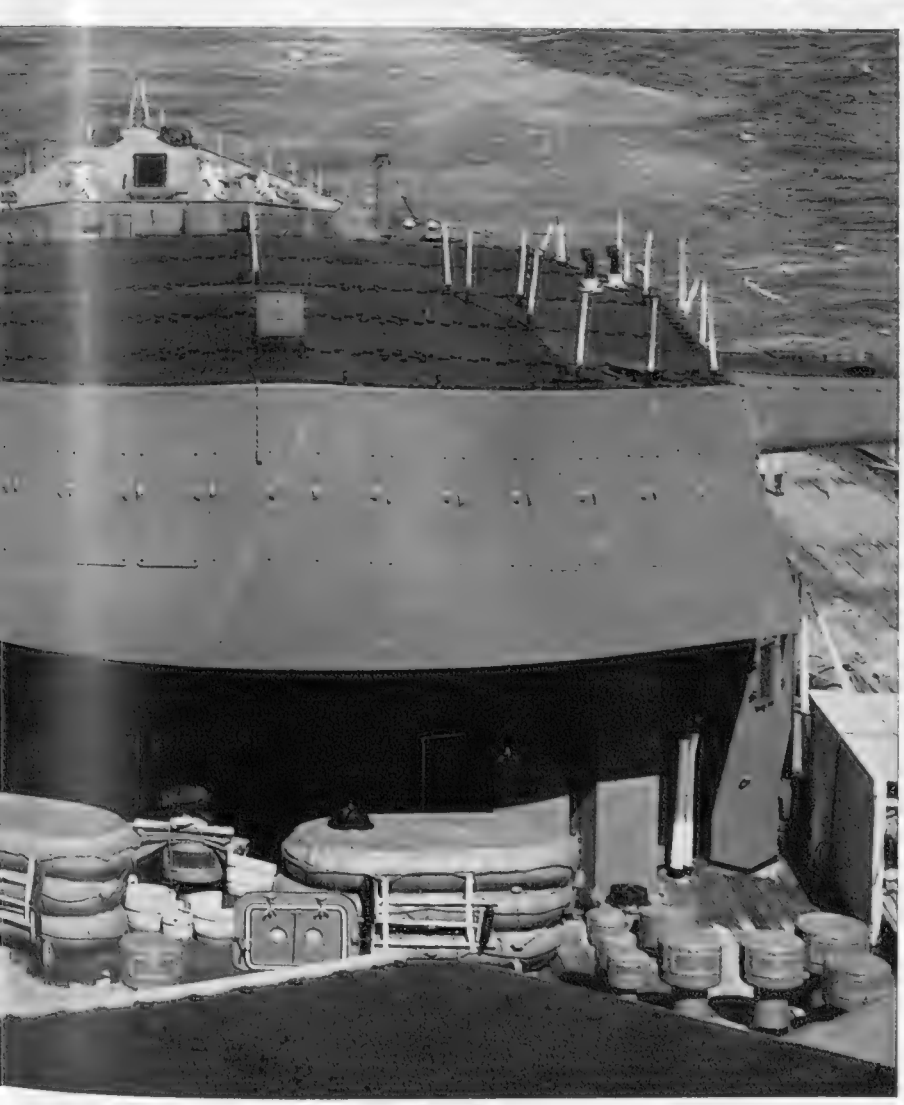
Between 1916 and 1920 there was a very great improvement in the gunnery of the fleet, but in spite of the fact that it was contemporary with a great development of the mechanical devices and controls, the human factor remained the principal one, and this was improved only by constant practice. Sub-calibre firing, after the fashion of the Morris tube in a rifle, can do a good deal at certain stages of an officer's or rating's training, but no really high standard can be obtained without full familiarity with the real thing.

These two obvious means of saving money on the Service possessing such patent disadvantages, the authorities are bound to search for other avenues, and they are by no means easy to find. The abolition of promotion on and after retirement will make an appreciable difference to future estimates.

New construction has already been cut to the bone, and comparative figures beside those of the other naval nations prove conclusively that it is unsafe to go further in that direction. Refits and modernizations are constantly being postponed or cancelled altogether, with the result that some of the older units of the Fleet are now in very poor condition and do not approach their paper strength.

THE SODA FOUNTAIN ON BOARD H.M.S. *Nelson*—an evidence of the statement below that "the British blue-jacket is the best fed in the world"

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: Admiral Sir John Kelly, K.C.B., who succeeded Sir Michael Hodges, has recently taken over his command at Portsmouth and hoisted his flag in H.M.S. *Nelson*. The new C.-in-C. is here seen inspecting the ship's company on assuming his new exalted office



n Fleet. The most rigid need for economy should not be permitted to diminish the amount ne conditions at sea are totally different from those that obtain during shore training. Mimic d the most exhilarating (to the participants) forms of nautical exercise, for not only do the ct conditions of a naval battle are paralleled—save for the tragedies. It is not only the ng almost prohibitive, but the fuel amounts to a gigantic item

AT WAR—WITH THE ELEMENTS: No training ashore or in harbour can possibly compensate the Navy for actual sailing practice. Duties that can be speedily effected when there is no wind or weather to combat present almost insuperable difficulties when the ship is rolling and pitching in a heavy sea or "taking it green" over her bows. This picture shows a look-out on H.M.S. *Rodney*

BOOKS—

Belloc on the Cecils: A Disciple of Conrad: Compton Mackenzie Does it Again: The Alpine Arnold Lunn

By CECIL ROBERTS

Some years ago Mr. Hilaire Belloc began his task of putting right the history of England. With that began also the task of the critics in putting right Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The difference is all in the point of view. Mr. Belloc's scholarship is unassailable, but his reading of events is liable to bias. The writing of history is something like playing a game of bowls. You stand and look at your objective, the diminutive truth far across the green sward of Time. Taking your bowl in hand you approach the truth with a curve produced by the bias in your bowl. It matters little whether you approach from the right or the left, there is no bowling straight.

Most of our historians approach the truth from the Protestant right. Mr. Belloc approaches it from the Catholic left. We must allow him, therefore, the divergent curve of his method. Here is the fourth volume of the seven planned in his history, *A History of England, 1525–1612* (Methuen. 15s. net). It is subtle, it is persuasive, it is always beautifully and movingly written. Reading it, one comes to the conclusion that such a treatment was necessary to correct our one-sided interpretation of English history. But I feel that some of his deductions need a cautious eye. I should be grateful if the publishers of this series by Mr. Belloc could induce, say, Dean Inge to write his History of England. We should then have a sharp division of opinion on certain questionable points, each case backed by erudition and keen logic.

The present volume is notable for its portraits of the Cecils. The power, the astuteness, and the unscrupulousness of the two Cecils has never been dealt with so revealingly. There is, of course, Mr. Lytton Strachey's memorable sketch of Robert Cecil, but in his *Elizabeth and Essex* one cannot help feeling that Cecil is something of the bogey-man in the background of that vivid tapestry so deftly woven with threads of satire and cynicism.

Mr. Belloc sees in the two Cecils the architect of Protestant England; he also sees in their rule the singular instance in history of two men of supreme political genius succeeding each other in power. William Cecil ruled for more than thirty years, Robert for nearly twenty-five. They altered the face of England. One of them, incredible as it may seem, ruled Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Belloc detects in the Cecils the grand killers inexorably pursuing their quarry. The Duke of Norfolk, Queen Mary Stuart, and Essex all fell before the Cecil enmity. Robert Cecil even took the Gunpowder Plot in hand and duped the conspirators to their death. Thus the history of England was altered by the descendants of an hotel-keeper at Stamford.

This volume closes with the death of Robert Cecil and the complete breaking of the Catholic power. It is really a study of the power of the Cecils, and though there will be many to challenge the importance he has accorded them I cannot but feel that Mr. Belloc has made out a very strong case. Of his four remarkable volumes this is by far the strongest, the most dramatic, and persuasive. But I wish he had not made his work look like a school history-book with marginal headings to each paragraph. Surely the place for these, if at all necessary, is at the head of each chapter? In their present position they catch the eye and interrupt the sense. If any reader wishes to learn the force of simple prose statement I can recommend any sentence of Mr. Belloc's impressive book.

Yvonne Gregory

MISS ENID ROSE, whose eulogy, *Gordon Craig and the Theatre*, is to be followed by a life of E. W. Godwin, the pioneer of stage *décor*, Mr. Gordon Craig's father

SPECIALLY SELECTED

"Afterthoughts," by Frances Countess of Warwick. (Cassell. 18s. net.)

"Africa Speaks," by Paul L. Hoefler. (Bodley Head. 18s. net.) Illustrated. The film-maker's adventure.

"Sailing Barges," by Frank E. G. Carr. (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s. net.) Illustrated with sixty plates.

"Gladys Cooper," by Gladys Cooper. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.) Illustrated stage reminiscences.

"Diary of a Scotch Gardener," by Thomas Blaikie. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.) A gardener at the French Court.

"The Killers," by George Owen Baxter. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

"My War," by Szegeai Szuts. (Bodley Head. 15s. net.) A Hungarian impressionist's record in charcoal.

The third volume of a novelist is usually a severe test of his talent. It reveals whether he has staying power, whether his imagination is creative or reminiscent in quality, whether he is a creature of one mood and scene. Mr. Graham Greene has now given us his third novel, *Rumour at Nightfall* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), and it confirms the hope that in him we have a writer of very solid qualifications. He was always difficult to read, he remains so, for his power resides in a certain form of obscurity in the action of his characters as well as in their dialogue. In that respect this book shows a considerable improvement on its two predecessors. Moreover there is great credit due to Mr. Greene for his courage in striking new ground.

The setting is Spain, the story concerns the search of a journalist for Caveda, a Carlist rebel, conducting a guerilla warfare from the mountains. Transfer the action to Spanish South America and we have a story such as Conrad gave us in *Nostromo*. It is a pity Mr. Greene challenges the memory of Conrad. He is no imitative writer, but he does exhibit the same oblique method of approach, of suspended action, and intense psychological emotion. But Conrad could burst into swift fire, and spiritual motives that interested him were always subordinated to the art of the storyteller. Mr. Greene has an irritating way of losing the name of action by the mental preoccupations invading his characters. Even so, he has the great gift of investing the turn of a sentence with the utmost significance.

Chase, the journalist, begins on an ordinary journalistic quest. He tracks down Caveda's mistress, and the hunter himself is trapped, as also his friend Crane; both are enthralled by the power of the woman who, in turn, suggests the immense shadow of Caveda himself. A sentence will serve to reveal Mr. Greene's power to evoke the border line of reality and infinite suggestion.

"'You mustn't come into the light,' Chase whispered, pausing at the edge of darkness. A lamp burned from an iron bracket above a door, casting a shadowy caricature of its artistry upon the steps and cobbles. Delicate iron flowers became on the uneven ground ridged and elongated plants, which stretched long stems towards the territory of night which parted them from the glow and shadow at the end of the street."

I dislike the recurrent "which," but the suggestion of the paragraph is masterly.

In Mr. Compton Mackenzie we have an exponent of the direct impressionist school. I doubt whether in the whole range of writers to-day there is a finer representative. I never cease to wonder at the perennial, one might almost say the bi-annual, freshness of Mr. Mackenzie. He has now written some twenty novels, half of them excellent and most of the rest good. With his novel, *Our Street* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), he does the most obvious thing with the most obvious ease, and gives us that same kind of pleasure to be derived from watching a master conjurer. He takes a Kensington street, knocks on each door, and produces the inhabitants for exhibition. If they are not rabbits out of hats, their antics as he pulls them forth by the ears reminds us that we mortals live in warrens. Some time ago Mr. Denis Mackail gave us a novel called *The Square Circle*; that is, the circle of people who lived in a Kensington Square. Mr. Mackenzie now takes us down the street, but he is forty years earlier than Mr. Mackail, for we are in Victorian London, with its hansom cabs and horse-buses, and with a tiny little boy, I am sure named Compton Mackenzie. I suspect that this book is the author's autobiography very much disguised. Here is the first material of *Sinister Street*, with nothing yet sinister in the street. Not yet do we meet Guy and Pauline, but we meet some of their friends on the afternoon when Miss Bearsted went away, when Robert revolted against no jam for tea.

"I'll go and fetch your mother down to you, Master Robert, if you don't desist from your boldness and wickedness."

(Continued on p. 330)

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH: Two studies of the illegitimate daughter of Peter the Great — Elizabeth Petrovna. Kind, magnanimous, lazy, with much of her father's ability but little of his purposefulness, she was never married—but had many lovers

IMPERIAL GROUP: Elizabeth, on whose right stands the Favourite, and on whose left are Lanskoi and the Chancellor. The setting is typical of the Oriental opulence of eighteenth-century Russia

MISSFIRE: The sentry, Potemkin, who has been coached by Peter to impress Catherine by accepting a fantastic order to jump from the window, tells the Princess he obeys not from his love for Peter, but for the sake of her eyes—a speech which inaugurates a liaison

"LITTLE

LITTLE CATHERINE, the new vehicle for the charm of Miss Marie Tempest, is the translation by Virginia and Frank Vernon from the French of Alfred Savoir. It opened at the Phœnix last Wednesday. The four bottom pictures show, *from left to right*, the admission of his love for Catherine by Lanskoi, Peter's A.D.C.

THE PRINCESS CATHERINE: Two studies of the immortal and immoral Empress of all the Russias whose rise to fame and infamy is skilfully hinted in this play. She only feels ambition when she realizes the profound influence she can exert upon men

IMPERIAL AMUSEMENT: Peter, the heir to the throne, at whose feet sits his hunch-backed mistress, Vorontzoff, in a moment when the cult of Venus has weaned him from the cult of Mars

"WHEN I AM TSAR!" Peter who, throughout the play, has boasted of what he would do when he attained full Imperial rank, repeats ironically the line when he is arrested by order of Catherine, who uses the sentry, Potemkin, as her instrument

Pictures by Sasha

CATHERINE"

who has stifled his affection out of loyalty to his master; a barren reconciliation between Peter and Catherine after the former's reinstatement of his mistress; the dying Empress, whose last effort is for peace in her successor's life; and a scene between Potemkin and Catherine, now his mistress, in which the arrest of Peter is planned

—PLAYS

Robey and Revue: "Britannia of Billingsgate" at the Embassy: Seymour Hicks "docet"

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. George Robey is going to appear in London in a play. That is good news, not only because Mr. Robey is seen all too rarely and then for but a fleeting ten minutes or so in a music-hall, but because it is, one hopes, a sign of a breaking of that barrier which puts actors and actresses in one pen, and variety and revue performers in another. That barrier has been broken down before—did we not see Miss Gracie Fields in a very serious play at the St. James's with Sir Gerald du Maurier?—but never, perhaps, in so significant a fashion.

The appearance of famous variety stars in non-musical as well as musical plays is to be welcomed. More ginger and less gentility will be one result. They will also give "the legit." some much-needed lessons in *timing*. When a performer has to hold the stage alone, to get his or her effects quickly, timing becomes all-important. If one had not this on the music-hall stage, one is lost. Some of the great ones have acquired it quite unconsciously—Mr. Harry Tate, for instance. I remember standing beside the late Sir Charles Hawtrey in the wings during a charity matinée while Harry Tate was doing his "Motoring." Hawtrey clutched my arm suddenly and said, "That man is a great actor. He knows how to listen and how to *time!*"

I do not say that the London theatres should be peppered with music-hall comedians and comediennes, but I do say that it would be mightily interesting to see Mr. Robey in a comedy when Mr. C. B. Cochran has finished with him in *opéra bouffe*, to see Mr. G. S. Melvin in something other than variety or pantomime, to see Mr. Tate as Bottom the Weaver or Mr. Robey as Falstaff, and Mr. Will Fyffe in a Barrie play and Miss Lily Morris in almost anything. Even if they were to fail it would be fun. But I do not think they would fail. There are more places for them than formerly, since variety is not really flourishing (many of the Moss Empires have just decided to go "talkie") and revue seems to be dead. A few years ago there were eleven revues running in London. Now there is only one.

"LITTLE CATHERINE"

The Empress Elizabeth	Marie Tempest
The Princess Catherine	Madeleine Carroll
Princess of Anhalt	Barbara Gott
Vorontzoff	Maria Marova
Grand Duke Peter	Harold Huth
Lanskoi	W. Graham-Browne
The Favourite	Aubrey Dexter
The Sentry	Thomas Weguelin
The Chancellor	Herbert Ross
The Fanatic	Serge Kazarine
The Stoker	Arthur Jenner

If revue in London cannot put up a better show than it does in Paris, the sooner it dies altogether the better. Paris, the home of revue, had some shows worth seeing before the little Capucines became a non-stop cinema, and when Sacha Guitry used occasionally to produce a witty affair at the Marigny. But the Paris revues of to-day! I have just seen a new and gorgeous affair at the Casino de Paris and an old and ungorgeous affair at the Concert Mayol. Heavens, the senselessness of it all! Poor, tired Mistinguett (who is really rich, tired Mistinguett) being lifted about in an attempt at acrobatic dances. The witless sketches, the tiresome nudity, the Americanism at its worst, the blaring out-of-tune orchestra, the execrable singing, and the bored and perfunctory *commère* and *compère*. The Paris revues of to-day have not even the doubtful merit of downright indecency. There is not one of them which would run a week in London. Yet still one sees, in spite of the fall of the pound, English people paying 80 francs for a stall, smiling amiably (when they understand them) at spiteful little digs at England, and hoodwinking themselves that they are having a very gay time of it. Yet the 10-franc *promenoir* is far too dear for this sort of thing, and twenty minutes far too long a dose.

No doubt one day there will be produced a play about film life which will be convincing and successful. *Merton of the Movies* proved a few years ago to be neither, and *Hollywood Holiday* has just had a short career at the New Theatre, in spite of the fact that the all-conquering John van Druten was part-author. The latest attempt to interest the public in a plot of film people is *Britannia of Billingsgate*, the only new play produced in London in a period of peculiar desolation. It is not the best play the little Embassy Theatre has shown us, but there is better work in it than in the two plays I have mentioned above.

ACTOR AND PRODUCER: Mr. Rex Ingram, the creator of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, in his make-up as the lead in *Baroud*—a North African story he is making, in conjunction with Mr. Mansfield Markham, largely at Nice

Britannia is a charwoman whose speciality is "mother love" as Hollywood hymns it. For when Hollywood is not playing as dangerously as it dare with bathing-pool impropriety and hot-kisses in Morocco, it plunges into domesticity of the saccharine type. The wife of a Billingsgate fish-porter appeals to film magnates as "the World's Mother"—grey-haired, sympathetic, lined face, silver-threads-among-the-gold, erring but forgiven sons, and all that sort of thing. So money flows into the family. The honest fish-porter, instead of dragging cod and hake about with a comic hat on his head and a string of unprintable oaths, just takes to drink. The son gets into bad company. So Britannia herself, feeling that her heart will be broken and that her care-worn face will become somewhat too realistic, imagines that she will mend matters, including her family, by chucking up valuable contracts and condemning herself and her more-or-less loved ones to their original industrious poverty.

Britannia's decision was theatrical and quite nonsensical as well. Even a "World's Mother" does not sacrifice herself for her family in that fashion. And surely the family would have had something to say—something Billingsgate, too.

The language of Britannia's husband on learning that the weekly family income was to be divided by about a hundred would have disgraced any Embassy, and a few lines would have been knocked out of his wife's careworn face by a method swifter than that of a Bond Street beauty parlour, and a good deal cheaper.

Besides, Brittannia's "sacrifice" was so unnecessary. Her family did not strike me as being, on the whole, a bad lot at all. They were merely very human people going on a natural "bust," as I myself have every intention of doing when I win the first prize in the Irish Sweep in a week or two's time. They would have pulled themselves together, bought house property and, probably, gone in for municipal politics.

A foolish little play, therefore. But not an unamusing or a boring one. Besides, it is extremely well acted. Miss Mary Jerrold I found difficult to picture as a Billingsgate mother; she is so sweet and delicate, and her motherhood is of the crinoline, chintz, and lavender type. But as she is a more than capable actress, she gave a performance that lessened rather than heightened the essential improbability of the part. Miss Gabrielle Casartelli was surprisingly realistic, and Mr. Bobbie Comber successfully brought the scent of Hollywood into the more honest odour of the fishmarket.

Mr. Seymour Hicks has written another book and has called it *Acting*. If any man is in a position to tell others what to do on the stage and how to do it, he is that man. His book is primarily intended as advice for the amateurs, who are getting particularly busy at this time of year. But there are few professional actors who can afford to disregard its words of wisdom. There is nothing priggish or pedantic about the book, any more than there is about the author. He is like a doctor who cures you and makes you laugh at the same time. Here is one exceptionally valuable piece of advice:

"Never slouch on to a scene or make an ineffective entrance because it is considered good art to do so. It is nothing of the kind. . . . Classic acting demanded great actors, and no actor can be great unless he has been so in the great school."

That is worth digesting.

For a stage production to be a family affair is an admirable idea, which possibly has additional advantages in the matter of economy.

One finds this in the circus world; the Fratellini Brothers, the famous clowns of the Cirque Medrano in Paris, are all related even if they are not all brothers.

Shortly before Christmas the long-closed Winter Garden Theatre will be decidedly *en famille*. It is to re-open with a musical show entitled *Walk This Way*, with which no fewer than eleven members of the family of Miss Gracie Fields, the leading lady, and her husband, Mr. Archie Pitt, the author, are to be connected.

Strauss's "Domestic Symphony" should be played as an overture.

FRIENDS of MAN at the CRYSTAL PALACE

The Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's Championship Dog Show was held a few days ago at the Crystal Palace. A variety of dogs was exhibited, among which this trio of Dandy Dinmont terriers attracted much attention

Three Springer Spaniels—in much the same grouping as that adopted with such recurrent success by the three Aldwych comedians, Messrs. Lynn, Walls, and Hare—take great interest in the camera

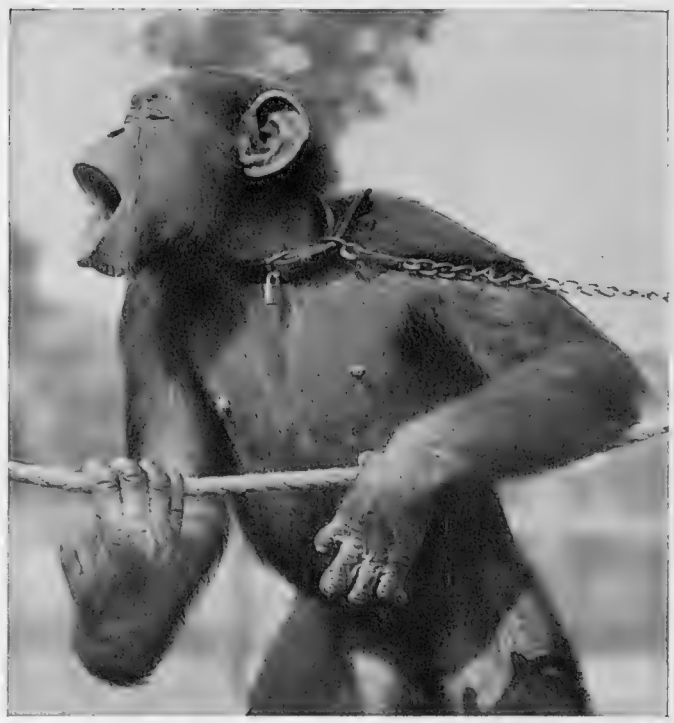
"Where we in dreams behold the Hebrides" is unlikely to be a line of verse appealing to these Skye terriers, owned by Mrs. J. Morgan, for they have far too good a time down South!

Plum-pudding dogs, or carriage dogs, were the old nicknames for Dalmatians—but they have fallen into disuse. The dogs, however, are still popular. Miss Fleetwood is here seen with her mother's puppies

The Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's annual show, held a few days ago at the Crystal Palace, produced a surprising result, for, despite the fact that entries closed before the General Election, the show exceeded all its predecessors. The all-round quality of the exhibits maintained a surprisingly high standard. Established favourites had a good show, for they ran away with most of the challenge certificates; but exceptions were achieved by Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield Digby's Keeshond puppy, *Konstant van Zaandam*, and by a Scottish terrier puppy. *Albourne Admiration*, both of which ran through their classes to the major honour. Two champions were created by Brigadier-General Lance's Saluki, *Sarona Sirdar*, and Mrs. A. M. Elder's Elkhound, *Kit*.

Eighty-four challenge certificates were awarded. Breeds exhibited ranged from the majestic St. Bernard to the pert Pom.

As in everything else, fashions in dogs change. The craze for Borzois, Alsatians, and Pomeranians—as for the spindle-legged black and tans and pugs of pre-war days—is waning, although the three first mentioned breeds still retain a large popularity. The Afghan hound is no longer regarded as a freak and is gaining ground, while another type of dog to advance in public favour is the Irish terrier, which, a few years ago, was diminishing in esteem.



A demand for "Dominion Status," equality with the keepers and free bananas for all seems the eloquent plea of this orator of the ape-house, who bears a flattering resemblance to —— whom?

Those who deny the Darwinian dogma of evolution are effectually controverted by so lifelike a representation of humanity as is presented by this study of Boo-boo, the favourite chimpanzee of the London Zoo in the rôle of a railway guard

FATHERS of MAN at HOME and ABROAD

In all the larger towns of Germany the Zoological Gardens have been modernized. Not only have Hagenbecks pre-War methods at the Hamburg Zoo been generally adopted but the Zoos of Munich, Berlin, and Leipzig have not only built new houses for the animals, but have tried to give them more freedom instead of less, natural surroundings instead of prisons.

Düsseldorf has made the enterprising experiment of housing apes in open cells, and has done away with iron bars and grills through which a long and hairy arm periodically stretched for a tit-bit. Weather permitting, the great apes are exposed to the direct gaze of the visitors. In bad weather a window pane of vita-glass separates animals and spectators. An iron bar charged with a very light electric current prevents the animals from escaping, although, should they attempt evasion, they are not seriously hurt or in any way injured.

The affection of the larger monkeys is by no means merely a matter of cupboard love, and this chimpanzee in the Dusseldorf Zoo enjoys his titbits the more when handed to him by his keeper

On fine days the Dusseldorf Zoo's inmates enjoy the open air, but vita-glass separates them from visitors when it is cold or wet. The only barrier to escape is a rail with a charge of electricity heavy enough to deter but not to hurt

NEW ROADS MADE and in the MAKING

When the history of our time comes to be written, it will be unquestionably compared to the great days of Rome, for we, no less than they, are great builders of roads. The four pictures on the left show two roads—one a *fait accompli* and the other in the making; the first through the highlands and the second through the south. The possibilities opened up by these new roads are astonishing, not only in their potentialities for swift transport, but also for their beauty.

The magnificent views one can obtain on the new highland roads were seldom, if ever, beheld by mortal eyes before their construction.

The new by-pass from Guildford to Milford, now under construction, will do much to relieve the congestion of south- and west-bound traffic and open up new vistas of English beauty to solace the soul even of the most inveterate motorist.

SUNRISE IN NOVEMBER: A view down the new road between Tyndrum and Black Mount on which the mist lies like a bridal veil

HIGHLAND GLORY: It is well worth while driving through almost impenetrable mist for the view one gets when one has passed it

FROM GUILDFORD TO MILFORD: The new By-pass under construction runs 32 feet below the main road level for over five miles

OVER THE HOG'S BACK: The old road is closed and a temporary road is used during the creation of the new Surrey By-pass

IN THE CONTINENTAL STYLE: The attractive bathing huts dotting the shore at the newly created resort of Poole

AN ALFRESCO CAFÉ: This is one of six similar establishments set up by the Poole Corporation. This is on Branksome Dene Chine

POOLE HARBOUR to be a NEW SEASIDE RESORT

The ancient harbour of Poole, Dorset, a few miles South-West of Bournemouth, will shortly emerge in novel guise—that of an extremely smart seaside resort. Just outside the harbour itself is a stretch of three miles of sandy coastline running towards the Bournemouth boundary, and it is on this that great efforts are now being spent by the municipality. Bathing huts in the Continental style have been set up and no fewer than six alfresco cafés of artistic design have been built. Many other developments are being carried out — rocks even being removed from the shore for the benefit of bathers. The scenery is akin to that of Bournemouth; there are really lovely chines and the area will include sections of the famous beauty spot, Canford Cliffs. Those who are jaded with the multitude of attractive resorts the South coast has to offer will now have a novelty to induce them to follow the popular slogan of to-day—"Buy British."

THE CREATION OF A SEA WALL is one facet of the development of Poole, the old harbour, into a new resort

DEMOLITION: To give Poole an attractive front, various outcrops of rock are being bodily removed

A feature of the Japanese New Year is formed by the long straw ropes with long pendant strands, which are hung over doorways. Sometimes they are bright with gilt or silver paper or adorned with a fan; a red lobster is also featured

A trio of Geishas, or female entertainers, dressed in their best kimonos, go to make their New Year's calls on their patrons. The celebrations eclipse those of Hogmanay in Scotland, for the first seven days are devoted to festivities

The gate decorations placed on either side of the door during the New Year holidays, consisting of a base of split bamboo, branches of pine bound about with rope, and a tall feathery shoot of bamboo. These decorations transform the streets into avenues of bamboo and pine

A young woman playing battledore and shuttlecock during the New Year festivities. These have also a religious side, for the Shinto temples are visited and the Buddhist priest strikes the temple bell 108 times at the beginning of the New Year

NEW YEAR IN JAPAN

A whole-hearted welcome is given the New Year in Japan. It forms the chief festival of a festival-loving people, and is universally observed from the peasants of the rice fields to the members of the Imperial Court. The picturesque appearance of the decorations emphasizes the overflowing holiday spirit of the citizens of Tokio. At the entrance to a mansion there is an impressive arrangement of pine and bamboo, but the poorest abode has also its sign of welcome to the New Year, perhaps but a twig of pine nailed by the door. Even the cargo-boats plying up and down the innumerable canals of Tokio, whose inhabitants move with the tide, are decked out with pine branches at stern and bow. Paper emblems of Shinto cut in a peculiar fashion, expressing purity, are used by the people as a talisman.

Z. K.

LIGHT and SHADE in CAIRO

The Famous Winter Resort where the Romance of Antiquity and the Comfort and Luxury of Modernity Join Hands

Described by CLIVE HOLLAND

Modern Cairo is essentially a pleasure city, with a constant round of amusements in the shape of tennis, motoring, dinners, dances, picnics, and theatrical performances. Its great and fashionable hotels, such as the huge, white Semiramis, standing on the banks of the Nile; the historic Shepheard's, with its well-known Egyptian Hall and Nubian servants, near the Esbekiyeh Gardens; the Savoy, and the Mena House Hotel, the latter built under the very shadow of the Pyramids, are famous the world over for the fashionable crowds which frequent them in the winter months.

In the new town one does not, except in a few of the Italian streets, find architecture of much attractiveness; indeed, the modern streets, such as the Sharia Kainel, one of the busiest, and boulevards lead one at first sight to sum up Cairo as "Paris or Brussels in miniature," with a touch of the East thrown in. One carries away a very charming memory of the Garden City of Kaor-el-Aini which lies along the banks of the Nile between the Great Nile Bridge and Mehemet Ali Bridge.

But after all it will always be the older portion of the city, found in the streets radiating from the citadel northwards to the Mosque El Helkim, which interests the traveller, and brings home to the western mind something at least of the glamour, mystery, and fascination of the East.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

But although modernity and pleasure seem nowadays to dominate Cairo, there yet remains for the more serious students and visitors the undying fascination of its many-sided life seen in its streets and bazaars, and the blending of the immutable—and to most Westerners inscrutable—East with the insistent progressive West. If one has never been in the East before, the "colour" of life, the extraordinary variety of the types seen in the streets, and the strange architecture and customs which meet one on every hand, prevent all save the trained observer obtaining, until a considerable time has elapsed, any very definite knowledge of the city and the life of its inhabitants.

Cairo, to-day, divides itself almost naturally into two fairly distinct and very dissimilar portions. The new town, including the Kasr-el-Dubara quarter, where many of the chief officials and foreign residents have their homes, and the

SHOPS IN THE NATIVE QUARTER: A typical scene in the Mousky Bazaars, Cairo, where the most fascinating things can be bought. It is only the most luxurious and incurious visitors who will patronize exclusively the shops of the European quarter

ERE OF TRAVEL

Esbekiyeh and Ismailia quarters, and the older and entirely native town in which one immediately finds oneself amid palaces, houses, bazaars, and mosques dating back many centuries, and an atmosphere which has been unchanged for ages.

At almost every yard along its ancient streets and narrow, tortuous byways, with the projecting closed-in balconies of the *harîm* windows with wonderfully carved *mashrebeyeh* or wooden grilles, and the walls of the houses often leaning outward, and only narrow strips of pale blue sky to be seen above one between the roofs, one has a new picture or comes across a new type. It is for this reason that the exploration of the native quarters is one of the most popular and fascinating of diversions.

The shops of Cairo, like the houses of the new and old town, are either modern or ancient. Some of the former compare not unfavourably with those of big European cities, but it is the latter which provide for all—save perhaps the fashionable and incurious—the real interests and fascination of shopping.

Here in the streets and byways of the native quarter one comes across quaint little shops, many of them with fronts only a few feet wide. In these are displayed goods of the most extraordinary variety—curiosities, carvings, metal work, and stuffs of the gayest hues, protected from the sun by ragged awnings picturesque from age. Coppersmiths' wares glint at one from the dark recesses where now and then an intrusive sunbeam catches their shining surfaces.

Here we have a fruit stall, with its gay-coloured stock set off by still gayer tissue paper, next door, perhaps, to the dingy room in which the seller of charcoal crouches among his funereal-hued wares. There a tiny bazaar displays coloured fabrics of native manufacture with a goodly sprinkling even to-day of Manchester cotton goods. Next door may be a native café where the same idlers seem to pass their time day after day from sunrise to sunset gossiping and gambling for cups of coffee.

In the streets of this native quarter one meets many types, the sombre-faced, stately Arab; the bronze-skinned, tall, and handsome Nubian; the Levantine Turk, oily and animal-like; and blackest of black Ethiopians, whose remote ancestors may have been slaves at the Court of Cleopatra herself and have assisted to build the Pyramid of Cheops; Italians; and the French-Egyptian whose near male ancestors possibly stayed behind to marry native women after Napoleon's abortive conquest of Egypt.

Greeks, Moors, Jews, Persians, Abyssinians, and Armenians may also be found in the native quarters of Cairo, who by their different types of costumes add colour and picturesqueness to the scene. And occasionally—although one finds them more in the modern than in the ancient town—one meets the students who have had an English education, or an education under English instructors at their own University in Cairo, once the ancient Mosque of Al Azhar. These students in recent times have been the chief leaders in the anti-British movement.

There are numerous pictures for the artist and the camera user in the seething throng which so often blocks the narrower streets, and after a time one easily learns to distinguish the different tribes and nationalities, and thus have an added interest in the life of the city.

Those who stray in the native quarters of Cairo cannot fail to realize the great part shadows play in the picturesqueness of Eastern cities. In Cairo white walls, blue-black shadows, and gaily-coloured decorations are found everywhere and make up the artistic ensemble of the architecture, with black often playing quite an important part in the scheme.

There is often much that is beautiful in the elaborately-carved corbels which support the overhanging upper storeys, while many of the door-ways with their fine carvings, huge bronze knockers inlaid with silver, and finely-wrought grilles of iron or bronze, which protect many of the lower casements, are worth noting and even attentive study.

Who does not know the whitewashed door-ways with their red, blue, and yellow designs which lead to the baths? And who has not noted the portals upon which appear designs in bright colouring of a less conventional character, apparently in some cases roughly illustrating incidents or episodes in the lives of the inmates of the houses within?

Recent years have seen a great change in the status of many of the Egyptian women. Those of the upper classes are still to a certain extent immured, and many, indeed, still go veiled in public. But there is far greater freedom than formerly.

Toilet arts are extensively practised by Egyptian women in the towns, and Cairene belles when indoors wear much jewellery and tint their nails, fingers, and the palms of their hands with henna, while the women and girls of the lower classes not infrequently have their faces, chins, foreheads, and wrists tattooed.

Cairo leaves upon the mind a strange impression of modernity mingled with extreme age. One steps indeed from the wide, bustling boulevards, when going from the modern town to the native, almost suddenly into the environment of the Arabian Nights.

Some, indeed, of the native streets and *culs de sac* seem to bring to mind the most sinister of stories one has read or heard, and to suggest the possibility of dramatic, mysterious, and sudden disappearances which, indeed, are not infrequent.

"THE TEAR OF ISIS": A view of the Pyramids of Gizeh during flood time. When the Nile overflows its banks—an event awaited in Egypt as anxiously as the monsoon in India—it is said, in conformity with the old mythology, that Isis has shed her tear into the river. The fertility of the narrow valley, whence comes the finest cotton, depends entirely on this annual flooding

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

The third of a series of Short Articles Describing Life on Board and Ports of Call encountered during an Ocean Cruise

At sea again and, except for the ukuleles we have brought away with us, Hawaii is but a dream. But *some* dream! Palm groves, waterfalls, ferns, hibiscus and oleander, sugar-cane, pineapple plantations, coral beaches, and brown-legged maidens. Music, enchantment, sunshine. Every day an idyll—the past a forgotten memory—the future . . .

Immediately Mauna Kea, the long, blue mountain that guards Hilo Harbour, came up from the horizon, we caught the spell of Hawaii. When, later on, the medley of stringed instruments and sweet voices came floating up from the gang-plank, our hypnotism was complete. All the morning minstrel troupes of men and girls with guitars and ukuleles came and sang their alohas to us in the reception room.

On the quay, while we bargained with a smiling Buick driver to take us sightseeing, Kanaka maidens crept up and threw flower garlands (they call them "leis") round our necks.

Kilauea, the big volcano, was all set to give us a little entertainment. We were warned not to go near the "House of Everlasting Fire" in the crater as, for many days, the edges had been crumbling away and falling in great masses into the cauldron of lava below.

The Japanese in Hawaii outnumber the Kanakas and, although half-castes are plenteous, Europeans are scarce. Hilo is civilized, but not yet submerged under the influence of American colonization. The native women have discarded their grass skirts, but not yet taken to wearing stockings.

On horseback, in the middle of the main street, sat the oldest inhabitant. He wore a cowboy hat and buckskin breeches, but his feet were bare in the stirrups. His hair was like wool and his snowy beard covered three-quarters of his chest. We would have loved to question the wrinkled old patriarch on the island he knew in his boyhood and ask his opinion of the present regime. But we would not have had time enough to listen to his answers. The ship was already sounding her siren.

Our leave-taking was an occasion of great pomp and pageantry. The town band (brass) played on the wharf, while every man, woman, and child in the place stood knee deep in streamers that floated from the vessel's side.

Our arrival at Honolulu, twelve hours from Hilo, was disappointing. No guitars to welcome us as we steamed into the harbour, no diving boys—not even a flower-decked canoe. Just one solitary seaplane.

The Aloha Tower looked grey and commonplace in the cold dawn twilight. We made the drastic mistake of arriving too early. It was like sitting for an hour in an empty theatre before the performance begins.

The Honolulu of Robert Louis Stevenson is no more. It is now a commercialized city with blocks of stores and offices, street cars, fast automobiles, and traffic controls. The water-front, where dusky maidens used to strum their songs of passion to amorous sailormen, is largely taken up with wharves and warehouses, or segregated with barbed wire, and hired out to yacht builders.

On the outskirts of the town are still a few relics of bygone days—timber shacks, built on stilts and surrounded by cabbage patches, flower beds, and a cocoa-nut palm or two. Brown or yellow almond-eyed children rush out and smile at you as you pass. Chickens cluck and dart from under your feet.

The Pali Pass trip is thrilling to anyone not accustomed to mountaineering *en voiture*. The car worms itself around hairpin bends, through country that leaves you breathless with admiration. One section of the road is impassable when the wind is high; sudden wild gusts have been known to lift cars bodily and fling them over the precipice into the ravine below.

Waikiki Beach can be reached by tramcar or taxi. There is little to choose between either in the way of speed, and the first is cheaper and more interesting. A more cosmopolitan population than that of Honolulu is hard to find.

Waikiki is a disillusionment when compared with the place of that name that song-writers are so fond of picturing. The greater part of it is monopolized by the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and the Outrigger Club. Here you can swim and surf-ride to your heart's desire, but these sports in themselves are not enough to account for the fame of the spot. The regular palm groves at Waikiki are superb, but far too indicative of human cultivation to permit one to enthuse about them.

"One time," said an old Kanaka, who had lived all his life in the islands, and now prospers as a bootlegger, "Honolulu was a gay place. Natives happy—ever'body lazy—plenty of fun. Then missionaries came and tell us it is wicked to be gay—Kanaka girl must not lie in sun with no clothes and dance with ukulele. Then comes laws—no more drink—no more good time. It is the missionaries, mister, who spoil Hawaii."

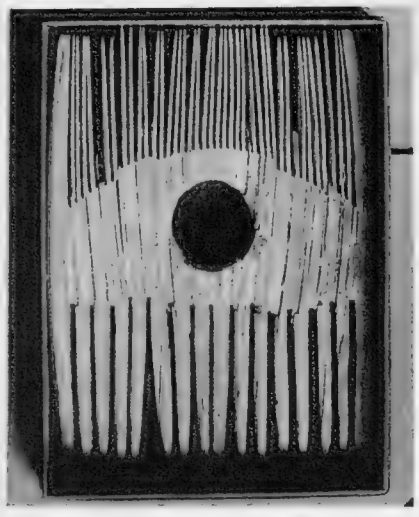
When we had twisted our way through the narrow entrance into the Pacific, and Diamond Head began to scud away from us, I felt the charms of the islands oozing out of me. But I have a consolation—I can already strum two tunes slowly on my ukulele!

THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI: The Royal Hawaiian Hotel now monopolizes the greater part of the famous Hawaiian resort

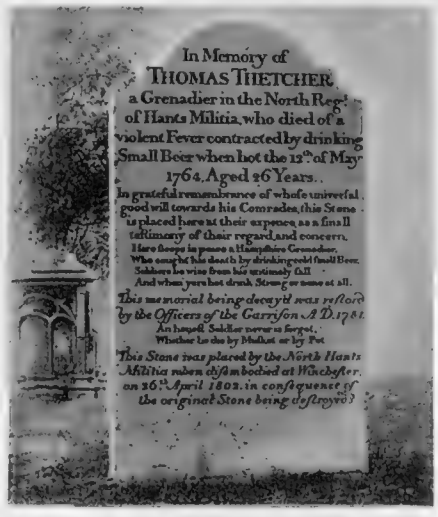
WHAT to SEE in ENGLAND—NOW

A PRE-CONQUEST CROSS: The wonderfully restored relic at Auckland, Durham. The portions were found in 1881, but the reconstruction has only just been accomplished. The sculpturing is similar to that on framed Hexham crosses (dated circa 732)

"PATIENCE"! A facsimile of a remarkable tombstone in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Bedford. The original is immediately behind. Patience bore twelve sons and twelve daughters in the early eighteenth century and died—fitly in childbed—at 38



ST. CUTHBERT'S COMB: One of the interesting relics of the famous northern saint whose remains lie interred in the foretory behind the high altar in Durham Cathedral. Fragments of the original coffin of the saint are also to be seen in Durham



AN ALCOHOLIC TABLET: The stone raised to the memory of the Hampshire Grenadier who lost his life by a most unmilitary act—for the sixteenth century army "drank hearty." The original stone was once restored, but the "new" one was raised in 1802 owing to the destruction of the first

A RELIC OF A WEEPING CROSS exists in the churchyard at Ripley, near Harrogate. The socket of this penitential monument is unique and is estimated at between 600 and 800 years old. The cavities are for pilgrims' knees — to increase the opportunities for asceticism

THE PATRON SAINT OF WALES: The thirteenth century shrine in St. David's Cathedral, Pembroke, which used to attract thousands of pilgrims in the Age of Faith. The saint is reputed to have brought his Bishop's stool hither from Caerleon in A.D. 550. David's ancient name was Dewi

AN INN SIGN PRESERVED: The most humorous of the ancient signs—that of the "All Labour in Vain" Inn at Dawley, Salop—has just been restored. The inn sign shows an endeavour to wash a nigger white! Many such signs—charming and picturesque relics of Merrie England—are endangered under road-widening schemes

THE "CENTRE OF ENGLAND" CROSS: This notable monument at Meriden, Warwick, reputed to stand on the central point of the country, is in danger of decay. It is suggested that the shaft should be restored and the whole be surrounded by railings

A HOUSE BUILT IN CASTLE WALLS: An historic residence in the ruins of Farleigh Castle. Therein the ancestors of the present owner have lived for over three centuries. Formerly the priest's house, it is near the chapel and was built before 1450 by Lord Walter Hungerford, a descendant of the Hungerford Knights who built the Farleigh Castle

A PREHISTORIC CITY NEAR ST. ALBANS: Systematic excavations of the Roman and pre-Roman cities of Verulamium, near St. Albans, have now been resumed under a special committee of which Lord Salisbury is president. The Office of Works has assumed guardianship of the Roman defences and the Roman masonry is now being cleared and consolidated. A temporary museum is to be erected on the site for the exhibition of the objects found last year. St. Albans was one of the greatest Roman settlements and gave, in its anglicized Latin form, the title to Francis Bacon

THE EASTER SEPULCHRE: The tomb of Bishop Remigius in Lincoln Cathedral. One panel contains the sculpture known as "The Sleeping Soldier" and is of remarkable beauty and interest. The whole structure forms the Easter Sepulchre

A RELIC OF ANCIENT DAYS: A strange stone in the possession of the Vicar of Immanuel Church, Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington. It is 10¾ in. by 8½ in. and bears carved symbols, only some of which can be identified

RELICS OF ROME: Ruts formed by the chariot wheels of the Roman occupation worn in the stone at Housesteads on Hadrian's Wall. A deputation including Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Colonel John Buchan discussed the preservation of the relic with the Office of Works

WOMEN

Nine Feminine Events of the Week

THE BRIDE WHO WAS ABSENT FROM HER OWN MARRIAGE: The Princess Durru Shivar, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the exiled Caliph Abdul Medjid II of Turkey, who last week was married to Prince Sahibzada Azam Jah, son and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad. The bride's father performed the ceremony

WOMEN IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT: Twelve of the thirteen women National Unionists elected last month. The picture, taken on the terrace of the House of Commons, shows, *back row*, Lady Astor (Plymouth), Mrs. Helen Shaw (Lanark), Mrs. Tate (Willesden), Miss Thelma Cazalet (Islington), Mrs. S. A. Ward (Cannock), Mrs. Ida Copeland (Stoke-on-Trent), and Miss Horsburgh (Dundee); in the *front row* are Mrs. Runge (Bermondsey), Lady Iveagh (Southend-on-Sea), the Duchess of Atholl (Kinross and Western), Miss Irene Ward (Wallsend), and the Hon. Mary Pickford (Hammersmith). Miss Megan Lloyd George, who held Anglesey, was one of the two women anti-Nationalist members. The other was Miss Rathbone, Independent, for the English Combined Universities. The only Government absentee from this picture is Miss Marjorie Graves, Conservative, of South Hackney

AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: Mr. E. C. Reginald Sheffield, second son of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, with Mrs. Glen Kidson, the widow of the great all-round sportsman who had established himself as a leading racing motorist and aeronaut. Mr. Kidston's heroism in an aeroplane crash in the South of England will be recalled—as will his dash to the Cape by air

THREE WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK: *On left* Mr. Dennis Pinks and Miss Nancy Helmsley Broadbent at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square; *centre* Mr. Robert Fearnley-Whittingstall and Miss Doris Thomas, the daughter of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the great Nationalist Labour leader, who retained both his seat at Derby and his cabinet office of Secretary of State for the Dominions—a marriage—fittingly—at the church of the British Empire—St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and *right* Major A. G. Salisbury-Jones and Mrs. Guy Yerburgh at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The Little Season is becoming more and more popular for such functions as weddings and balls and bids fair to rival the traditional May and June. The Spring, however, has great advantages to be offset

NEW YORK BOUND: Miss Elissa Landi returns to America after a holiday at home

THE HEAD OF THE INDIAN MUSLIMS, H.H. the Aga Khan, with his French wife, formerly Mlle Andrée Carron

THE GAY NINETIES: One of the turns in the cabaret of the "Three Hundred" Ball held last week at Claridges—one of the most elaborate and notable charitable functions London has ever seen. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone were present. The ball was held in aid of the National Children Adoption Association and many notabilities figured on the committee

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

ANTIQUES—*and the* HOME *of* TO-DAY

By Mona Graham

In our present day passion for the novel and the original we might well be accused of forgetting the claims and the charms of the past, but it is a strange paradox that we seek after the antique with just as much vigour as ever our forefathers did in those spacious and prosperous days before yesterday. For there is a certain charm about furniture that has battled its way through the ages which we cannot fail to appreciate to-day.

One particular home comes to my mind. It is to all intents and purposes a modern house, yet it contains many a year-scarred relic.

In the dining-room there is a long refectory table to which hangs a doleful tale. Many years ago an old farmer murdered his housekeeper upon it and then committed suicide, and the post-mortem was held in his kitchen around the bodies, which were laid upon the table which has to this day blood stains in one corner.

Along the mantel-piece of this same room are six leather toby jugs, graduated in size, which might have inspired the famous song, "The Leather Bottél." The little men have brown leather hats, red coats, and what were once white waistcoats. In one hand they clasp a pipe, and in the other a foaming jug.

It is these associations with the past that give the antique an eternal appeal.

Photographed upon this and the opposite page are charming groups of period furniture—one shows a room which is a reproduction of the Jacobean period, with English oak panelling and mock beams. This forms a happy background for the Sheraton and Hepplewhite furniture which is housed in this room. The room and the furniture are supplied by Messrs. Hamptons of Pall Mall, where one can rely upon discovering much that is interesting in the way of furniture and furnishings.

Messrs. Howards are responsible for another group, which was actually photographed in their Berners Street showrooms. This firm, beside possessing innumerable genuine specimens of antiques, has for many years made a speciality of manufacturing, in the most faithful manner, reproduction furniture—and their period chairs, one of which you see in the picture, have been famous for many years. Messrs. Howards, by the way, are the original manufacturers of parquet flooring, and quite recently they have completed a special type of floor at Claridge's. It is a natural spring floor which is made by a new process to give the right amount of resilience.

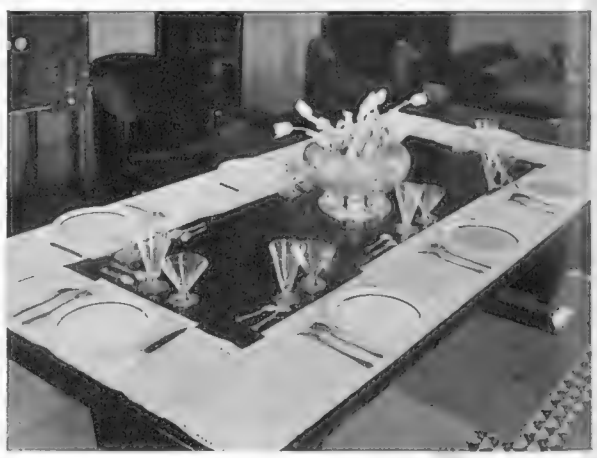
The third group shows a corner of a large dining-room furnished with genuine period furniture by Messrs. Harris and Sons, who have their extensive showrooms in New Oxford Street.

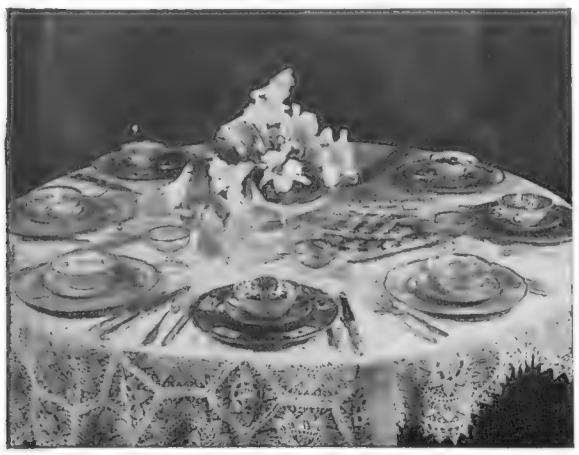
There are some who hold the mistaken belief that period furniture does not look well in a modern house neither will it mingle with our present-day furniture. But this is a fallacy which should at once be dispelled, for antiques, provided, of course, that they are selected with discrimination, will not only mingle, but will give added dignity to a modern home.

Modern Lalique bowls with their opal gleam enhance the beauty of old mahogany by contrast, and modern cretonne-covered arm chairs give a sense of comfort to the austerity of antiques. To prevent one's home acquiring impersonality, one has judicially to harmonize the old with the new, but it is unwise to place extremes together; for instance, sheer steel chairs and the delicate detail and tracery of Chippendale furniture are not happy together.

Ficture by Millar and Harris

A pleasing group of antique furniture by Messrs. Howard and Sons of Berners Street. The sideboard is in mahogany and is decorated with gilt. The chair is one of a pair of attractive mahogany chairs. The armchair is a faithful copy of a very fine specimen of a Queen Anne chair with walnut and gilt legs, which was made in Messrs. Howards' London works. It is covered with blue and gold silk damask. The mirror above the sideboard is an original Hepplewhite gilt mirror





From a bowl of white lilies, upon which dances a graceful lady, flow streams of white ribbon. They add charm to the lace cloth upon which is laid some exceptionally fine specimens of colourful china

Above—An essentially modern table with little square white hemstitched d'oyleys under the plates, glasses and flowers. *Below*—Again white hemstitched mats supplant the large white tablecloth of earlier years

Above—Linen mats laid to overlap one another form an attractive border to this modern table. *Below*—Branched silver candlesticks in a neo-Georgian design, together with coloured glasses and plates to match, offer a charming scheme for a well-laid table

Picture by Millar and Harris

The past and the present are mingled together in this attractive period room which is staged by Messrs. Hampton and Sons of Pall Mall. It is a model of a Jacobean room with English oak panelling and mock beams. The chimney piece has a raised hearth and a brick-lined recess. The table is in reality a five-piece Sheraton dining-table but here the ends are placed together to form a circular surface. The Hepplewhite chairs are part of a set of eight and against the wall is placed a semi-circular Sheraton card table

Picture by Millar and Harris

A small corner in a large room which is furnished in period furniture by Messrs. M. Harris and Sons. The square pedestal seen on the left with vase and cover is an accompaniment of the Adam side table a small part of which only can be seen. The fine old leather painted screen in the corner is decorated in bright colours with birds and flowers on a gold ground. A genuine Sheraton mahogany semi-circular commode is inlaid with lines of satinwood and the Chippendale easy chair has a *gros point* needlework covering. An old flower picture and a Brussels tapestry complete the group

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

YOUR TABLE *in* ORDER

By Marjorie Day

Christmas and its preceding days is the time of year when the dining-table and the question of its decoration come in for more than its usual amount of consideration. But during the remainder of the year, although we fully appreciate the necessity of a well-laid table we do not perhaps realize it is just as important to bring variety into our table decoration as into our menu. Naturally that does not mean such an expensive process as changing one's decorative scheme every meal—or even every day, but in so many homes the table is laid with the same kind of mats or the same white tablecloth, the familiar bowl in the centre, only its flowers changing with the seasons, year in and year out; whereas little touches of bright colour or a varied style of decoration might make a meal a far more pleasant affair and help to tempt even the most jaded appetite.

Candles, for instance, are inexpensive and colourful and will prove themselves invaluable when the matter of ringing the changes on your table is to be considered. Then a variety of small coloured mats and coloured glassware can all be relied upon to be of assistance without running away with too many pennies.

I can recall a very charming dining-table which I saw recently. It was laid on a weathered oak table in a room where all the furniture was of the same wood and the colour scheme was in all the rich, warm shades of autumn. The square-shaped mats were in orange linen, with a small embroidered monogram in each corner—this being in a slightly deeper shade of orange than the linen. The china was in a dull yellow (almost an old-gold shade) and white, and the glasses were amber. A bowl of fruit was placed in the centre of the table, and four scarlet candles in silver candlesticks stood sentinel-wise around it. The room was dark save for the light from the candles which showed off the table to advantage.

Green mats, for instance, would look equally as well as the orange; flowers could replace the bowl of fruit; green or amber candles, the scarlet ones; or a lamp or illuminated glass bowl might be introduced.

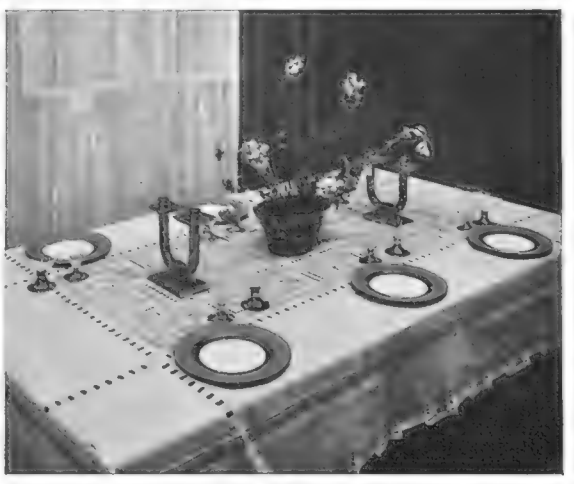
There is one pit into which many people fall in the matter of table decoration, that is they arrange their scheme without planning it in relation to the rest of the room or to even the table itself. For example, if the table is of weathered oak, fine linen or delicate lace is quite out of place; oak definitely calls for sturdier materials, but with mahogany or walnut one can indulge one's passions for frills and fancies to the full.

During the last year or so the white damask table-cloth seems to have returned to favour. More often it is seen, however, in a new form, wherein the flowers or designs are picked out in delicate pastel shades on the white ground, and these colours might well form the basis for very successful table decoration. Sometimes single corners of the table cloth are coloured or may be the centre piece. In a cloth I saw recently the design was brought out in shades of old gold in another threads of silver were woven into the damask. One cloth which has lace let into the centre and corners is illustrated upon this page.

Upon this and the opposite page are some very attractive modern settings, showing tables laid with mats and with table-cloth. They may perhaps provide you with a happy idea for your own festive board.

Amber tinted glasses, pale yellow hemstitched mats, also with a touch of amber look very effective on the highly-polished modern dining-table. Instead of the customary floral table decoration is a green bowl filled with fruit

Here is a table laid for a festive occasion with colourful china and cut glass bordered with a gold band. Squares of richlieu work and lace decorate the white damask table cloth, and tapering candles and silver candlesticks add brightness



A table cloth which dispenses with the need of a centre-piece is a useful asset, and this one carried out in coarse linen and drawn-thread work is particularly charming

IN THE STYLE OF SPAIN: Miss Lupe Velez, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose hair does not show the prevailing brevity and is parted in the centre. Her jewels set off her Southern beauty admirably

Peter North

HANDS VEILED IN GAUZE: Miss Rosita Moreno, a Spanish star, is seen displaying one of the most *chic* of modern hats and the new transparent gloves. The harsh line of her fur throws her brilliant smile into vivid relief

THE VOGUE OF LONG EARRINGS has as one of its most attractive exponents Miss Karen Morely, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. She is seen wearing white satin which suits to perfection her blonde charm

FEMININITY ON THE SCREEN

An Octave of Film Beauty of Varying Type and Diverse Appeal

THE WINNER OF THE SCREEN'S "NOBEL" PRIZE: Miss Norma Shearer in sporting kit, reinforced with a wrist-strap. Miss Shearer, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is a most versatile actress —but always looks lovely

Below—

EUROPE'S MOST NOTED FILM STAR: Miss Lilian Harvey in ingénue rôle. An accomplished linguist, she has recently acted in "The Congress Dances" in French, German, and English. She was given a tumultuous ovation in Vienna recently, exceeding almost any ebullition evoked by film favourites. Miss Harvey was born in Muswell Hill, London

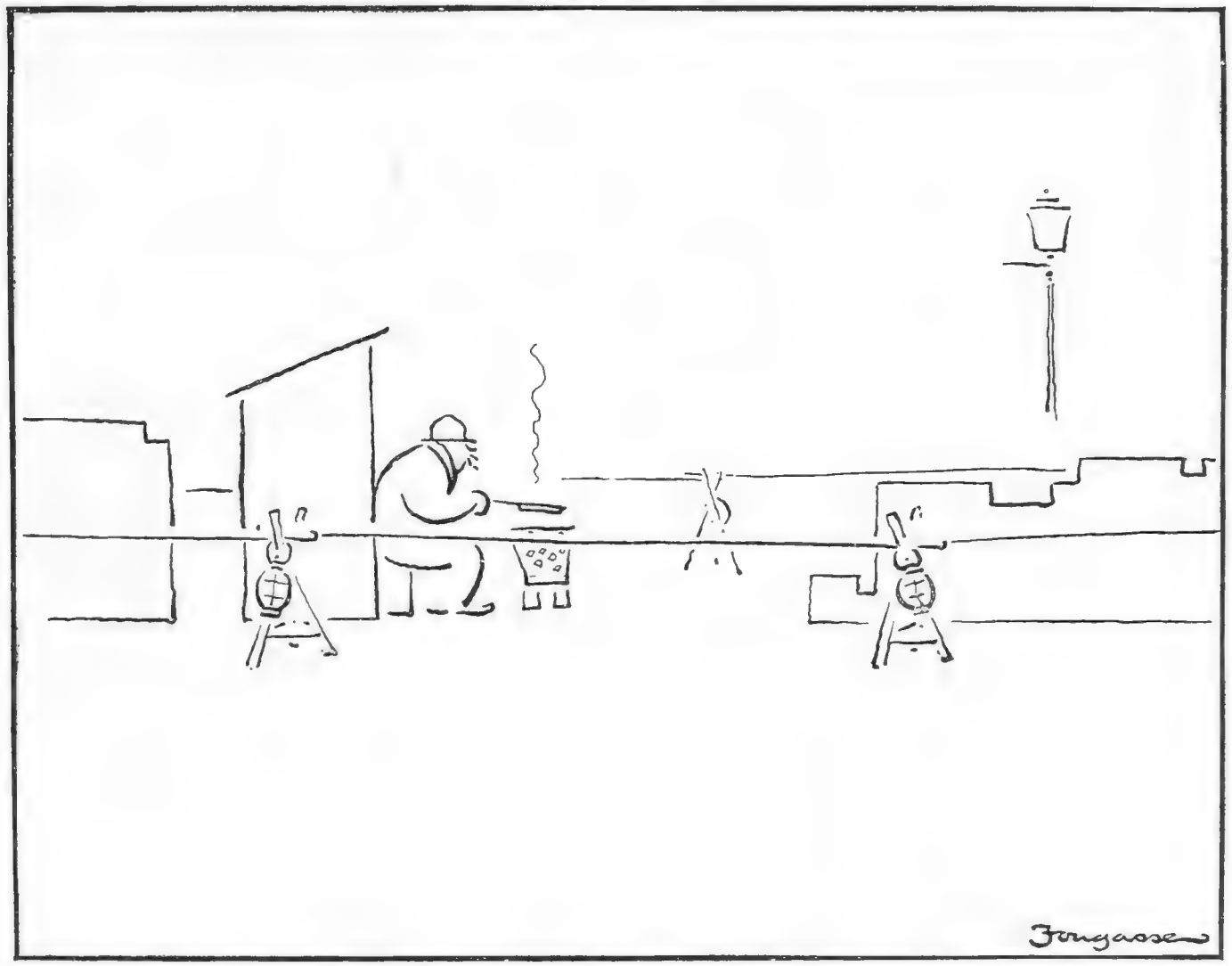
A STAGE STAR SHINING ON THE SCREEN: Miss Tallulah Bankhead in "My Sin," now running at the Carlton. The cocktail glass and the touch of black in the white frock symbolize the modernity associated with this brilliant actress

THE GLAD-EYE: Miss Joan Crawford, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in a *gamine* close-up

FRAMED IN FEATHERS: A close-up of Miss Leila Hyams, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star

LONDON

WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

NIGHT LIFE

Now let us turn our attention to the night life of London, for, after all, life must go on at night as well as during the day, and it seems so silly, having come so far, not to see all there is to be seen.

Well, then, if you don't mind drinking champagne out of tumblers, to make it look like whisky and soda (which it possibly is), you can, if you like, keep up high revelry (or low revelry, for those of riper years) until the very smallest hours of the morning—lights, glitter, music, laughter, entrancingly beautiful women, revoltingly beautiful men, youth and gaiety (very often dancing together), gay butterflies with attendant cocoons, men about town up in town for the evening, and, in short, all the gay throng who wake while London sleeps—well, here's one of them, possibly enjoying himself more than most; and that's one side of London — London, where, as you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

— BOOKS

(Continued from p. 318)

"Sucks for you, she's out," Bob shouted gleefully. "So bring the jam."

That was at Number 25. At Number 19 lived General Brackenbury who liked to walk round Edwardes Square. He went to take tea with Miss Alington, as old as himself, the maker of *potpourri* and the wearer of white silk mittens, and a big brooch inside the glass of which the prophet Jonah was sitting under his gourd. But if you want to meet Mr. Mackenzie's enchanting friends get *Our Street*. You will not want to move out of it.

Miss Rosita Forbes entitles her new novel *Ordinary People* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). It is not true. She has no interest in ordinary people and could not write about them if she tried. To begin with, Miss Forbes has a very unfair advantage. She can take all her extraordinary people out to the Persian Plateau, or set them making love in Chaldean villages, and no ordinary critic can tell her there is anything wrong with the temperature or the tempo. The Lake family, with whose history Miss Forbes is concerned, included four children sufficiently strong in character to equip four saga-sized novels with incidents. In England and along the Asian frontier they had a way with them, generally expensive despite a middle-class upbringing. The female Lakes took life in big strides, and had an unusual taste. Hence Jill's wonderment for a moment when she found herself "hankering after someone who likes Hittites and Himalayas," instead of losing her head over "a perfectly nice subaltern who looks rather like a dusty chicken." If I have one fault to find with these exhilarating people, it is that they all talk too brilliantly. When, finally, her two bright young persons bolt, one heaves a sigh and says, "Now for some ordinary people," but five minutes later one is longing for Miss Rosita Forbes again.

Mr. Arnold Lunn generally contrives to get us up a mountain in his novels. He is on sure ground in that rarefied atmosphere and has us breathing hard in his wake. But I am wondering if mountain air is really quite as stimulating as he would have us believe. The people who go climbing in *Family Name* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) have the most brilliant discussions on society, snobbery, politics, love, law, and Judaism. It is all magnificently done—perhaps too well done, for I found myself forgetting the story in the interest of these skilful discussions between the characters of the book. The theme is that of the clash between a good type of Jew and his wife, the heiress to an English earldom. The plot is most deftly devised and Mr. Lunn sets it on ground he knows intimately. After the boredom of an Eton and Harrow match we are taken on a Lunn's tour to the Alps, and our cicerone is perhaps the best to be found in current fiction. The most engaging character is Claude Fairlight, an admirable portrait of the young generation, and Mr. Lunn's Jew does not suffer from the prejudice that makes all Jews brilliant at the expense of mental integrity.

It is impossible to review *In Court*, by Fred Andreas (Bles. 7s. 6d.), without indicating the plot, and thereby rendering the author and the reader an injustice. Professor Drau is found dead in circumstances that cause an opera singer, Gregor Kasha, to stand trial for murder. The whole of the book is a report of the trial, and the slow elucidation of the truth. One cannot recall any novel with a more intense court scene and a more satisfactory verisimilitude. This novel has had a great success in Germany. Its power will command a similar success here.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

Seventy Years in Archæology, *by Flinders Petrie* **(Sampson, Low. 18s. net).**—The greatest archæologist of our times (with a grateful nod to Sir Arthur Evans) reviews his life's work from 1853–1931, which covers some of the most momentous discoveries of the age.

Hard Up on Pegasus, *by Hugh B. C. Pollard* **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s. net).**—A story of hunting for those who can't afford it, with delightful pencil and crayon illustrations by Gilbert Holiday.

Gun Dogs, *by Patrick R. Chalmers* **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. net).**—Gunmen and dog-lovers will beg, borrow, or steal this tribute in prose and colour to the most intelligent of our sporting friends. The retrievers, the spaniels, and the setters are here in their true colours in all senses.

Germaine de Staël, *by R. MacNair Wilson* **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s. net).**—A most readable monograph of the arch-feminist of history. She loved and intrigued through the eighteenth century. Dr. Wilson gives the first full-length biography in English.

Selected Poems, *by Rudyard Kipling* **(Methuen. 1s. net).**—Another shillingsworth of the most vigorous muse in our literature.

Life and Times of Marc Antony, *by Arthur Weigall* **(Thornton, Butterworth. 21s. net).**—A popular study of the great triumvir, a companion portrait to Mr. Weigall's "Cleopatra."

The Soul of Malaya, *by Henri Fauconnier* **(Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 9s. net).**—The story, half fiction and half fact, of two French planters in Malaya. It makes a most interesting footnote on Conrad's terrain, explains the fascination he felt. This book was awarded the Goncourt Prize, and is packed with exotic beauty.

97, *by Francesco Berger* **(Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 3s. 6d. net).**—The Professor at ninety-seven reviews his musical life in Munich, Leipzig, and London. A survey so long embraces all the great figures of the musical world—long gone and still with us.

Folk by the Sea, *by Johan Bojer* **(Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The great Norwegian novelist again sets the scene among simple peasants living on the edge of a fjord. Poverty and nature as the foe of man are again his themes. It has his usual stark power and force of understatement.

Lyautey of Morocco, *by Sonia E. Howe* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net).**—This life follows on the heels of Maurois' study, and we prefer it as the plain statement of a more remarkable career. But it is a little jerky in style.

BRITISH MUSIC

Now that the "Buy British" movement has been effectively organized to give practical expression to our patriotism, it may be that British music and British musicians may receive a little very belated and urgently needed support. The quality of our home product in this field of art may be exemplified by the St. George's Singers—a sextet composed of three male and three female voices. Music as far divorced in time as that of Byrd and that of Holst forms their programmes, while the folk-song settings have been arranged by Vaughan Williams. Their period is Elizabethan.

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(Continued from p. 311)

The truth of the matter is that there is always a swing of the pendulum. The immediately post-War epoch of beer and brawn and debagging automatically had its reaction toward purple shirts and poetry and even, in one or two instances, purple finger-nails. Undergraduates drank lemon-squash and even sconced one another in it. I shall never forget dining in the hall of my own college in 1924 and ordering a sconce—two quarts of beer in a silver Caroline tankard. It was the first that had been volunteered for months. Only one other undergraduate besides my younger brother and myself would touch it. Four years before no sconce went past more than six people. It was drained dry. Times are now changing once again. My college porter told me with pardonable pride that there are always two or three sconces of beer every night, and most of the undergraduates drink at least half-a-pint of beer at dinner, if not more. He went so far as to say that there are several undergraduates who can "floor" a sconce unaided. This I frankly rather doubt. Even in my day it was done only twice.

So much for beer and games, which were all that mattered at Oxford in 1919. Card-playing also has gone through a number of changes since then. We used to play bridge, poker, rummy, pontoon and, in fact, almost every Army game. We played the usual line regiment stakes of 6d. or 1s. a hundred at bridge, and the other games in proportion. It is true that a golfing blue ran a roulette wheel and was credited with making £800 a term out of it. But that was exceptionable. And anyway, many of us had gratuities to burn. To-day in my own college there are at least three flourishing poker-schools, but it is almost impossible to get a four for contract, and nobody plays pontoon or rummy.

In the intervening years, though, the wildest play was to be seen among the undergraduates at certain of the richer colleges. This was particularly in evidence just before the Wall Street crash. The parents of undergraduates all thought they were millionaires, or on the way to it.

Money was plentiful and the play high. And what did they play? The answer is chemin-de-fer. Boys of nineteen whom the laws of France do not allow to enter a casino would open a bank with anything from 5s. to £10. The young son of one famous peer bancoed £80—and lost—on at least two occasions. One undergraduate who is still in residence twice received cheques for over £60, and had been playing for only three hours. That, of course, came automatically to an end when the slump set in.

But even now life is very expensive at Oxford, although the standard of living has gone down so much. The average battels at St. John's, which does not have many rich undergraduates, is between £65 and £80 a term. This is actually higher than between 1919 and 1921. But there is a reason. Just after the War there were numbers of poor devils who were trying to get through the University on less than £200 a year. Many of them ate nothing but the cheese and bread which is provided free by the college for luncheon. To-day there is not an undergraduate who does not have some kind of roast beef or its equivalent for luncheon. This is due to the fact that nearly a quarter of the undergraduates are partly State-aided, and the minimum considered to be enough by the State is £220 a year.

At the richer colleges, like the House, it is not unusual for an undergraduate to have his battels running into £90 or £100. One of them told me that he has been up for three years, is allowed £500 a year by his parents, and proudly added that he owes only about £200. "I don't do much entertaining, of course," he explained, "though when I do I make it a Lucullan orgy for ten or a dozen."

This question of entertaining is another sidelight on the modern undergraduate. It reached its height, like the gambling in 1928 and 1929, when cocktail parties of sixty guests, many of them coming down from London for the occasion, were given frequently. Luncheon parties and dinner parties of a dozen were quite common. To-day the usual number is four, and it seldom exceeds six. This is yet another illustration of the fact that Oxford, after a fluctuating lapse of seventeen years, is at last getting back, except for this business of drinking, to the state in which the War found it. The average income of the undergraduates at the richer colleges is about £400 a year. At the others it is between £300 and £350. Before the War motor-cars were of little use in getting away from the University for making whoopee, because they did not go fast enough or far enough. To-day the regulations have the same effect.

Regulations are indeed rather a bane to the undergraduates. And yet, as one of them said, "Of course, they treat us as schoolboys, but then that is all we are." The authorities even insist on seeing the proofs of the *Isis*—a thing they would never have done in my day. They also make it impossible for anyone to stay away from his digs all night without being discovered. As to climbing over college walls, I did not succeed in securing any data about the identity of the last undergraduate who climbed over the wall of St. John's. This I know. Just after the War it was done two or three times a night, although the only place where the wall could be scaled was only a few yards from the porter's lodge. I've ripped my own trousers on the revolving spikes there, with another fellow blowing a hunting-horn—and all in the broad daylight of 5.45 on a June morning.

Another change is the total decline in dancing at public dance halls like the Masonner and Tap-house's. These were regular places of call for the proctors. Invariably fifty or sixty undergraduates were dancing with local girls. Frequenting public-houses, however, for a harmless glass of beer is once again reviving, although it is against the University regulations. The girl undergraduates seem to be more unimportant than ever. There used to be one or two who, if invited, would come and have tea or a cocktail in your rooms. To-day there are none. As to clothes, these are back again where they started. Grey flannel trousers, plus-fours, mufflers, and school and club ties are the order of the day. There is an occasional pair of suède shoes to be seen and an infrequent green shirt. Here again there is complete toleration, and just because of it there are not many instances of undergraduates dressing as exotically as they did four years ago.

The more I look back on this visit to Oxford the more I agree with the don who said that the present undergraduates are much nicer than we used to be. They are neither surly, intolerant, nor deliberately inclined to getting tight and wreck people's rooms. Nor are they any longer effeminate, extravagant, and inclined to giggles and limp yellow poetry in limp, yellow leather jackets. They will discuss birth control with the dons, at least with the junior ones, quite rationally. They do a certain amount of work for collections and schools. Those that play games play them suitably hard. Those that act do so with a suitable enthusiasm. And it is the same with the people who go to speak at the Union, with the result that the attendances have increased from an average of 80 or a 100 ten years ago to 300 or so to-day. Everybody, in fact, does what he wants to. There is no compulsion and no intolerance. "I have only one complaint," said the don whom I quoted in the first instance. "This toleration seems rather to make for a pleasant mediocrity. There are few, if any, outstanding undergraduates, as there used to be when we were up together."

Mark you, that is his opinion, not mine. I think it is too early to judge yet. Oxford is only now coming back into its own, and before the War there were dozens of brilliant undergraduates. Now that it once more approximates itself, history will probably be repeated.

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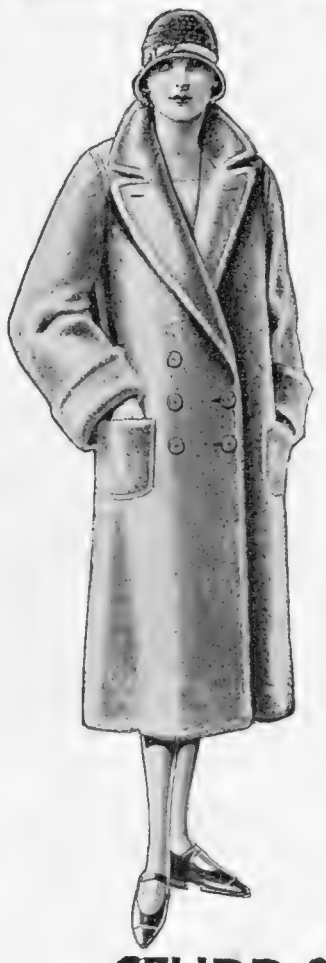

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The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

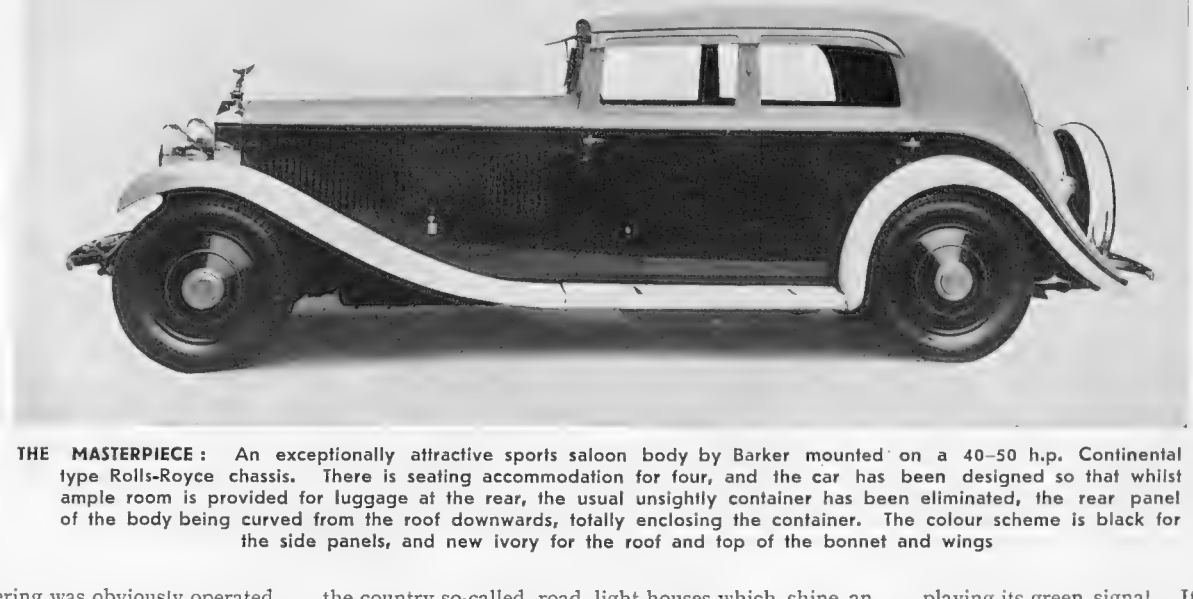
TRAFFIC SIGNALS CHAOS.—Scientists tell us that unlike the firefly man cannot produce light without heat. The various light signals which are now cropping up in London and practically every provincial town must be giving off a mighty amount of heat, but unless something is done to regularize all lights on the highways the heat generated by these thousands of lamps will be as nothing compared to that given off by irritated motorists on account of the present state of chaos. These observations are based on the experience I gained during a recent week-end, when I motored through many towns which I had not visited for more than twelve months, and where they now have installed traffic control lights. My journeys were at night time, and so the red, green, and orange were working at their best. Having successfully negotiated one city without drawing the attention of the police to my passage through their streets, I found myself just on the outskirts of the next town *en route*. Having been rather taken unawares with the signals some ten miles away, I was more than usually careful in driving down the main thoroughfare of this Midland town. It was a stormy night, with the wind blowing and rain coming down in bucketfuls, so that even a hard-worked screen wiper was unable to make visibility through the glass any too good. About a 100 yards in front I had noticed a red light on my left hand side, but as I approached it suddenly went out. Getting nearer it came on again, and I pulled up to see why the green and orange lights did not appear. To my surprise I found that this red light was nothing more than an electric lamp placed behind a red lens over a chemist's shop, and its flickering was obviously operated by a time switch. Being a Sunday no other shops were lighted, and as its height from the ground was more or less the same as that of a regulation light control standard, my mistake was, I think, pardonable. It only requires two or three such "leg pulls" before a motorist on a wet, unpleasant night is inclined to say "Away with all your light," and go merrily on past any red, green, or any other coloured lamps that may shine on his horizon.

REVISION REQUIRED.—There is no use throwing the blame on chemists, petrol stations, and other private individuals, because they in all probability have had their illuminations long before the authorities started theirs, and in any case the latter have stuck up all over the country so-called road light-houses which shine an intermittent red light just about the same height as that of the control lamps.

For years I have suggested that the Ministry of Transport should, in the interests of safety, tackle this whole problem of road lights. Instead of the question fading in importance it has now become a matter of extreme urgency in view of the fact that the police are now relying on coloured signals to do their work for them. Personally, I like this latest development in traffic control, but the red light should be replaced by one of some other colour which is not so commonly used on the roads at night. It would not be practical to suggest that every council and every private individual should after a certain date remove every red light upon the roads. It is far easier for the authorities to substitute their red glass for some other that will arrest the attention of and not confuse the motorist. After all, if we must stop when we see a red light we should stop, but at present we have to differentiate between one red lamp and another. No one in their senses would travel at night on the railways or cross the ocean or Channel unless both red and green lamps meant something definite, and over which there could be no argument.

THE OXFORD STREET SYSTEM.—Whilst dwelling on the subject of traffic control by coloured lamps I had occasion to travel down Oxford Street, London, the other day. I have no information as to how these controls are linked up together, but whatever system is in force I can say from practical experience it was not on that day working very well. I formed one of a group of vehicles, and I do not suppose we were moving at more than 20 m.p.h. At such a speed it should be possible to travel down Oxford Street, and once the green light has passed you across one point the control signals, as you approach them, should pass you across each consecutive junction by displaying its green signal. It was only at two places that the red light shone against me, but if all these signals were correctly timed any driver going along at 15 or 20 m.p.h. should be able to go from one end of Oxford Street to the other without being held up at all.

(Continued on p. 336)



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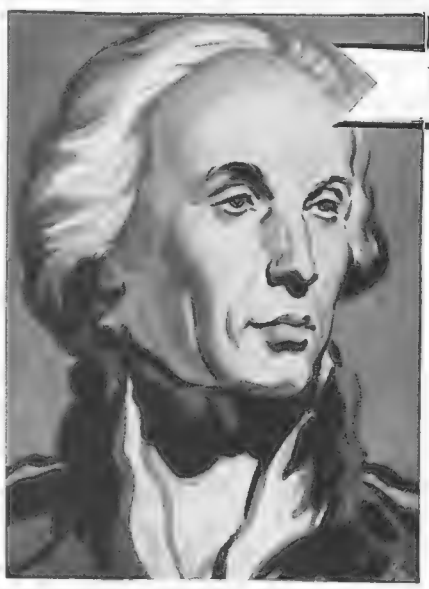

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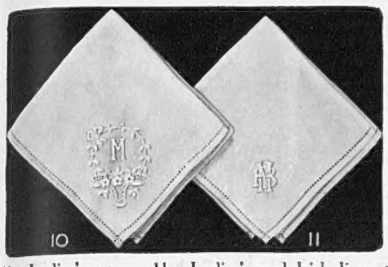

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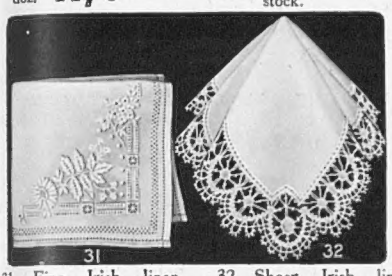

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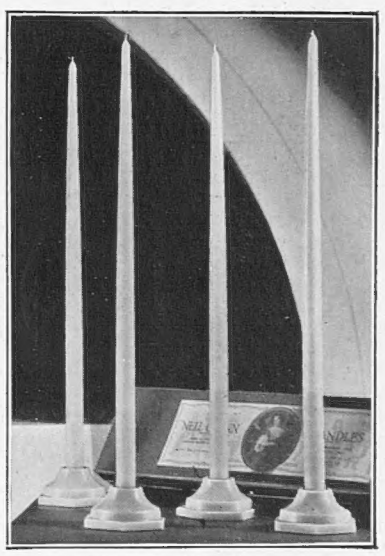

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The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from p. 334)

SCOTTISH WINTER SPORTS.—Special arrangements are being made this winter by the R.A.C. to assist members who are proposing to go to Scotland for winter sports. The club is co-operating with the Scottish Travel Association and the Scottish Ski Club. A list of the best centres and the various sports that may be enjoyed at each—ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, curling, etc.—is being compiled, and copies of this, with details of hotel accommodation available, will be obtainable when the season opens.

Reports on weather conditions, depth of snow, etc., from the various centres will be transmitted regularly to the R.A.C. in London and to the club's branch offices throughout the country. The R.A.C. will also collect reports on the condition of roads in the districts when facilities for sports are available and on the main approach roads from England, and will be able to advise members as to the desirability of travelling by train or by road. Elaborate arrangements are being made by the Scottish Travel Association and by the local committees to ensure that visitors shall be able to enjoy the sports under the best possible conditions. Sport equipment, skis, sledges will be on hire, bob sledge runs are being prepared, Alp posts will be arranged to see that people cannot get lost if the weather changes, instructors will be available, and the hotels are arranging dances and other amusements.

Charges are being kept down to four to five guineas a week for the hotels and three guineas for boarding-houses. Whilst it cannot be claimed that the conditions for winter sports in Scotland are so uniformly good as those which obtain in Switzerland, it must be remembered that the cost is incomparably lower. It will be quite an easy matter for the business man to enjoy a week-end's sport on the snow, and should the weather be unpropitious it is possible to be home in a few hours. The season lasts from January to April, although good ski-ing may be had earlier than this if the season is favourable. Full information regarding equipment, conditions, accommodation, routes, etc., may be obtained from the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, who is in constant touch with the Scottish Travel Association and the Scottish Ski Club.

UNIFORM BUMPERS WANTED.—Going down the Embankment the other day I happened to see rather an unusual collision. Two cars had backed into each other, and one received a badly dented panel and the other a crumpled wing.

Both cars were fitted with bumpers, so I stopped a minute to investigate. Unfortunately for both owners the bumpers of their respective cars were fixed at different heights from the ground, with the result that the bumpers themselves did the damage, which I think was really greater than if this well-intentioned accessory had not been fitted at all. Certainly this accident provides a very striking illustration of the necessity for co-operation between all motor manufacturers where bumpers are concerned. Unless a standardized height from the ground is agreed upon and laid down by some governing authority, the fitting of a bumper will not always protect the car which carries it.

"'WARE THIEF!"—The Automobile Association understands that there has recently been a substantial increase in the number of thefts from cars. The missing property includes suit-cases, wireless sets, rugs, clothing, sports gear, etc., and in one case a bag and contents valued at £500 was stolen. This class of theft is throwing a great deal of unnecessary work upon the police authorities, quite apart from the loss to the owners concerned. These thefts have taken place from official as well as unofficial car parks; and in view of what is happening the A.A. strongly advises all motorists when leaving their cars unattended to remove any portable articles of value.

WITH THE HELP OF SHELL.—How Miss Peggy Salaman's record flight in the famous British light aeroplane, the De Havilland Puss Moth, from England to Cape Town was made possible by the efficiency of the petrol distribution system, even in the wilds of Africa, is revealed by a letter from her to a friend, in which she says: "Shell Petrol and Aeroshell were both in readiness all down the route and kept our engine running perfectly the whole way from London to the Cape. I feel that Shell products and service helped greatly towards our success."

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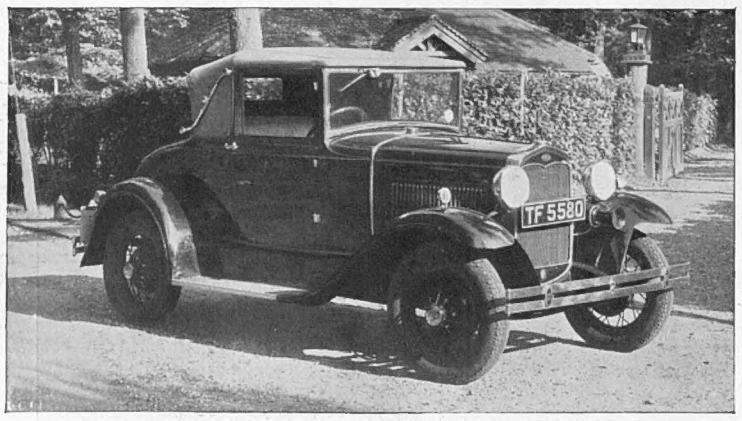
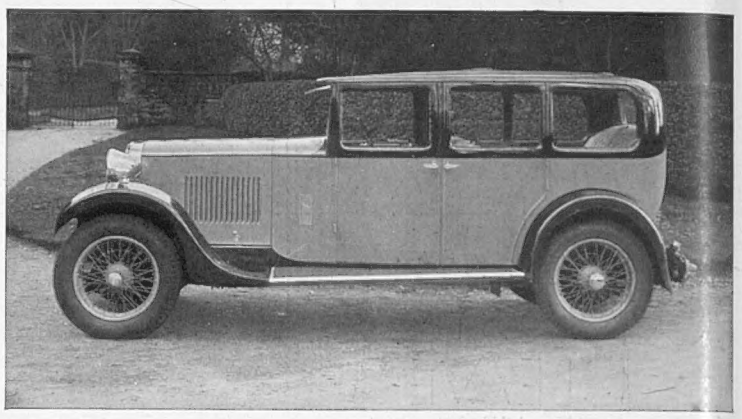
At the State Opening of Parliament, the Newport Market Army Bands School boys were commanded to line the Courtyard of Buckingham Palace. This speaks well for the high opinion held in Buckingham Palace of the training received by these boys. Funds are most urgently needed for this great work. Please send your gift to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.





On left—**A WINNER FROM AMERICA:** A Ford cabriolet in blue with black wings with a brown waterproof canvas hood. 14 or 24-h.p. engine ratings are obtainable. *On right*—**A WINNER FROM ENGLAND:** A 20-h.p. Sunbeam coach-built saloon which retails at £795. An hydraulic braking system has now been made standard

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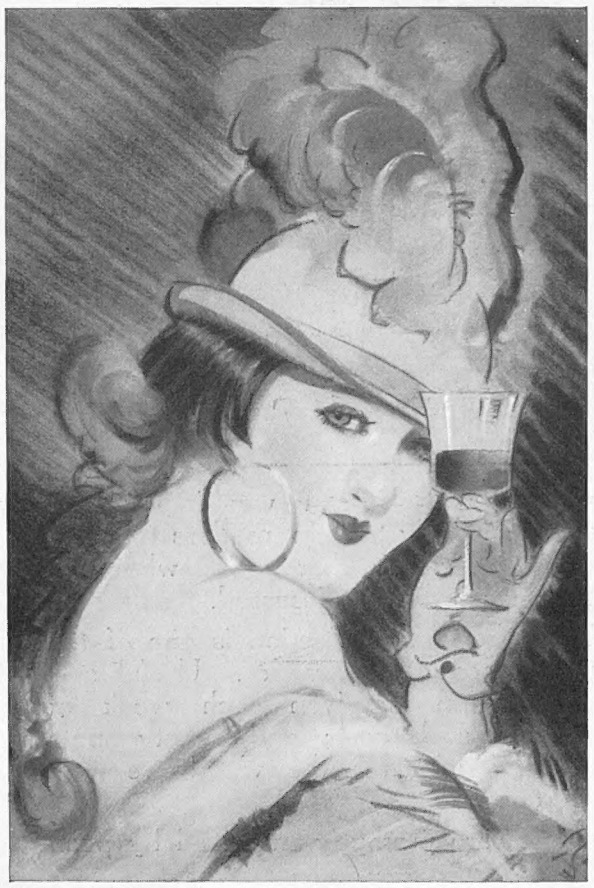

BECAUSE

it is full of jollity and joie de vivre, with D. B. Wyndham Lewis contributing a political pantomime which is admirable fun, and the author of "Juan in America," Eric Linklater, responsible for a daring satire of the Middle Ages, which will appeal to more than the middle aged.

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